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When feeling stiff, tired, "aching all over" when you come home shivery or "chilled to the bone," try a tablespoonful of ELLIMAN'S in a warm bath! It brings back a comforting glow! It soothes away tiredness, refreshes, revives!

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EDITORIAL

War on colds

"It makes the nose swell and renders it hot and inflamed," wrote Hippocrates, the Greek "Father of Medicine." He referred to the common cold which, he said, "we have all experienced and shall continue to do so."

He was right. Two thousand five hundred years later, Britain's greatest expert on colds, Dr. Christopher Andrewes, has to admit: "The only way to prevent colds is to live on a desert island where you cannot pick up the germs from other people.

"But I am not sure it is a good thing to stop colds starting. That may be to deny yourself the little dose which keeps up your immunity. In the Hebrides, where people rarely get a cold, it is a serious illness."

So you have to have one cold in order not to have a worse cold. Science can do no better than that.

Yet the common cold causes more ill health and loss of working time than any other disease. It afflicts annually 49½ millions out of Britain's fifty million people. It costs £60 millions a year in lost industrial production. Out of every thousand calls on doctors, 130 arise from colds. All industrial workers average two lost days a year from colds, making a total of forty-seven million working days.

DR. ANDREWES
"Only one way to prevent colds"

In spite of this, the nation spends only £20,000 a year in seeking a cure. This money is supplied by the Health Ministry and the Medical Research Council to run the Common Cold Research Unit at Salisbury. The unit has been working for eight years with the help of four thousand volunteers.

Scientists at Salisbury are piling up a lot of knowledge about colds. They know that women get more colds than men (2.4 a year against 1.9), that the most vulnerable ages are under four and between twenty-five and thirty-four, and that the ages of fewest colds are between twelve and fifteen and over fifty-five.

But no vaccine is yet ready. No cure is in sight. And it is not yet known why a lucky half-million people in this country seem to be immune.

The cold virus is not itself a killer, but it opens the door to bronchitis and pneumonia, especially in old people, and so is an accessory before the fact in up to 50,000 deaths a year. There must be a bigger drive to find a cure.

From the government, more money—and no more of the short-sighted "economy" under which the Common Cold Unit was nearly wiped out two years ago.

From the scientists, more intensive concentration on the little-known virus diseases such as the common cold.

From the public, more volunteers. Only from human guinea-pigs can the necessary knowledge be amassed.

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

THE OBSTINATE WIDOW *by James McCormick* 12
MURDER ON THE NIGHT FERRY *by Douglas Rutherford* 20
FELLOW PASSENGER (Final instalment) *by Geoffrey Household* 24

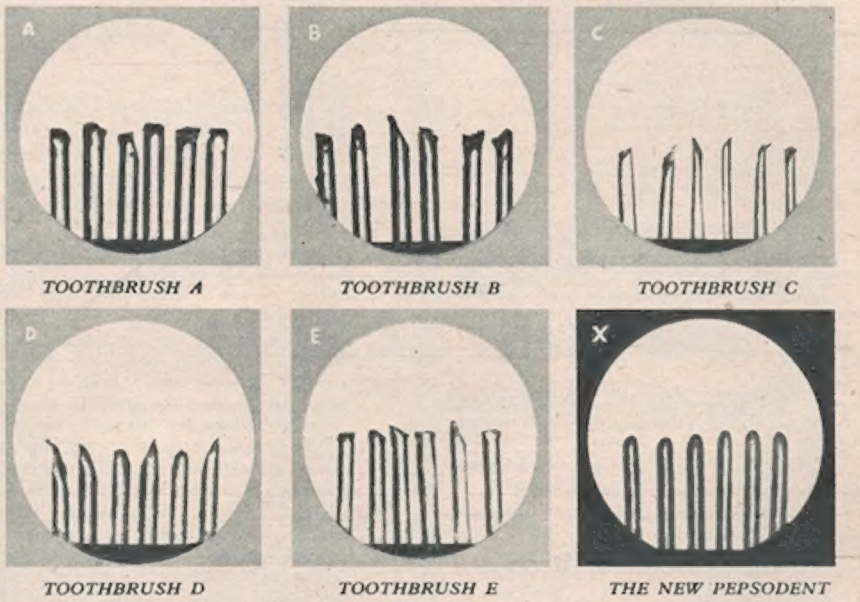
Non-Fiction

BIG GAME FINDS AN AFRICAN PARADISE *by Don Everitt* 9
TRIUMPH FOR PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE DARK *by Rex Grizell* 14
I SAID IT WITH MUSIC (Part 3) *by Jack Payne* 17
THE SNOW PLANE SWOOPS TO THE RESCUE *by Ann Christopher* 22
BILL WALTON CAPTURES THE SOUND OF IT *by John Harman* 27

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6. CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT: 32. WHO'S WHO?: 36. IT'S THE CUSTOM: 41.

Remarkable photo-evidence :

These micro-photos* show new Pepsodent toothbrush has perfectly rounded ends



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TOOTHBRUSH D — TOOTHBRUSH E — THE NEW PEPSODENT

Greater protection for your teeth and gums assured by *perfectly* rounded ends of new Pepsodent toothbrush

A fair and unbiased test

These are the real photographs, each of exactly the same magnification, of the strand-ends of six different makes of toothbrush. It is these ends that you rub up against your teeth and gums.

Micro-photos A, B, C, D and E are of well-known popular makes. Only in photograph X—the new Pepsodent toothbrush — are the strand-ends smooth and *perfectly* rounded. No other toothbrush has ever achieved such perfection.

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Prove the advantages of this unique toothbrush for yourself

The new *Pepsodent* toothbrush 2/3

* **THESE MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHS CERTIFIED BY**

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

We hereby certify that the un-named toothbrushes photographed here were bought by us at random from retail chemists' shops; that the Pepsodent toothbrush was chosen by us, without prior selection, from the large stocks in the Pepsodent warehouse; that the photographs are genuine and unretouched at any stage, including the processes of reproduction.

Kenneth Swain Manager, *Photographic Studio,*
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *Magazine, 28 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. August, 1954*

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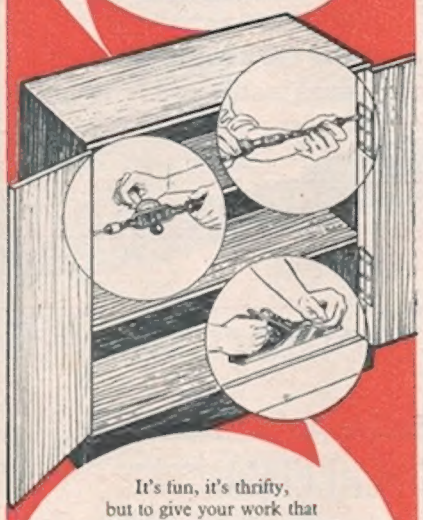

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FREE SPEECH

This church has the right answer

MY husband and I brought up our son to be a regular church-goer. When he was old enough, he always accompanied us to our own church on a Sunday.

After he was confirmed, it upset us to see his increasing reluctance to come. "Do I have to?" he would ask. "It's so dull."

We felt that the boy shouldn't be forced—we had done all that we could. It was up to him to choose, and for some months he chose to stay at home on Sunday mornings.

We were surprised and pleased when he announced his intention of joining a neighbouring church some distance away. After that, he took much more interest and often went to the church hall in the evenings. "The vicar wants me to help him," he would explain importantly as he went out.

I asked him about this change in his attitude. "It's an *interesting* church," he said. "We don't just listen to sermons. There's a youth club. We're putting on an Easter play, and we help the vicar to produce the parish magazine."

This church seems to have the answer. It gives youngsters a chance to take part, makes them feel wanted, and isn't just an extra dose of school—on Sundays.

My husband and I are now working to make our own church the sort of place that our son will want to come back to.—MRS. A. FORD, London.

Hide And Seek

THE little girl who protested that it was no use her going to school as she didn't know anything ("Free Speech," January 8) ought to meet one of the youngsters at a local nursery school here.

It was his first morning, and he found that it was a case of playing, eating, then playing again.

After lunch, the teacher told the class to take a nap. The small boy collected his cap and, when asked where he was going, replied firmly: "Home. I'll never learn enough here to get a scholarship."—A. L. PARSONS, Whitesmocks Avenue, Durham.

Ore And Water

I READ the article about the Kitimat dam and aluminium plant in British Columbia (JOHN BULL, December 25) with interest.

I was surprised at the statement that the aluminium ore is imported to the site, and that only the availability of hydro-electric power dictated the choice of the site, after a wide range of alternative positions had been considered.

It would be interesting to know why Scotland, where we also have hydro-electric power, was not chosen in preference to Kitimat, where an all-out assault on the wilderness was necessary.—J. DUERDEN, Broxburn, West Lothian.

The North of Scotland Hydro-electric Board says that aluminium production has been going on in Northern Argyllshire and South-western Inverness-shire for many years—the first hydro-electric power station was opened for the purpose at Foyers in the 1890s. There are now three sites for aluminium production, but further Scottish development is not considered practicable at present.

Further Outlook

AS a new farmer in this country, I am making plans for my first spring sowing—a very different affair from the sowing I watched last year when I worked for the Sudan Government.

The Latukas, a tribe I got to know well out there, make a big event of the first sowing, to try to persuade their rain god to be kind and give them a good harvest.

Their warriors, in formal robes, set off on a hunt; their first quarry, they believe, influences the crops for the year. A big animal means a good harvest—if the animal is a female, better still. A small kill is a poor omen, and no kill at all foretells a drought.

When this happens, the villagers build a look-out pile on which the leading warrior climbs to placate the rain god by singing his praises, while the tribe dances round for many hours to atone for its hunting failure.

I am wondering what the reaction would be in my Kentish village if I held a similar celebration on my farm.—J. K. E., Maidstone.

Latukas placate their rain god

In Response

I WOULD like to thank the readers who responded to my letter about giving every class in my school copies of JOHN BULL'S "Life of Jesus" Supplements ("Free Speech," January 8).

Since the letter appeared, copies of the Supplements have been arriving by every post—I do not think that there is a county in Britain which is not represented.

The number of copies I have received far exceeds my requirements, so I have placed some in store as replacements for those in use; other copies I have passed on to teacher friends, who are following up with enthusiasm my idea of placing the Supplements in classrooms.

I am most grateful to JOHN BULL readers for their help and for the many encouraging letters that they enclosed with the Supplements—too many by far for me to be able to answer them all personally.—T. MOORE, North Road East, Wingate, Co. Durham.

NEVIL SHUTE'S
great new novel
begins next week
see page 19

Vintage Weight

AS I walked down St. James's Street in London with an elderly relative, we stopped outside an old wine shop.

"Come in and let's get weighed," he said. Surprised, I followed him. An assistant greeted him with a smile. "I think you've put on a little weight, sir," he said.

Weighing-in at the wine shop

My relative then seated himself in a chair on one end of a vast beam scale. His weight was recorded in a leather-bound ledger.

I learned that it is a tradition of the shop to weigh favoured customers; I saw the "weighing books" in which Beau Brummel and George IV had written their weights.

The entry that I liked best was by a precise gentleman who had written: "Twelve stone five pounds—after two chops and pint of sherry."—A. JAMES, Dundee.

The firm of Berry Brothers at 3 St. James's Street originally dealt in coffee; in the eighteenth century the proprietors began to use their coffee-weighing scales to weigh their customers, for weighing machines were not common at that time. The tradition has been maintained.

Single Dutch

IN his article "Brave New Land of Silt and Sugar" (JOHN BULL, January 8), Harry Hopkins links Holland in Lincolnshire with the Netherlands.

But M. W. Barley in "Lincolnshire and the Fens" says: "The word Holland means land overlooked by high ground."

It is curious and misleading that it should be identical with our name for the Netherlands.—R. H. RYAN, Boston.

Our "Holland" is derived from "hol-land"—low-lying land. The Dutch "Holland" comes from "holt-land"—woodland.

Star Quality

I WAS interested to read John Ennis's article describing how the classification of hotels by stars, in the handbooks of the motoring

associations, is kept up to date and accurate (JOHN BULL, January 8).

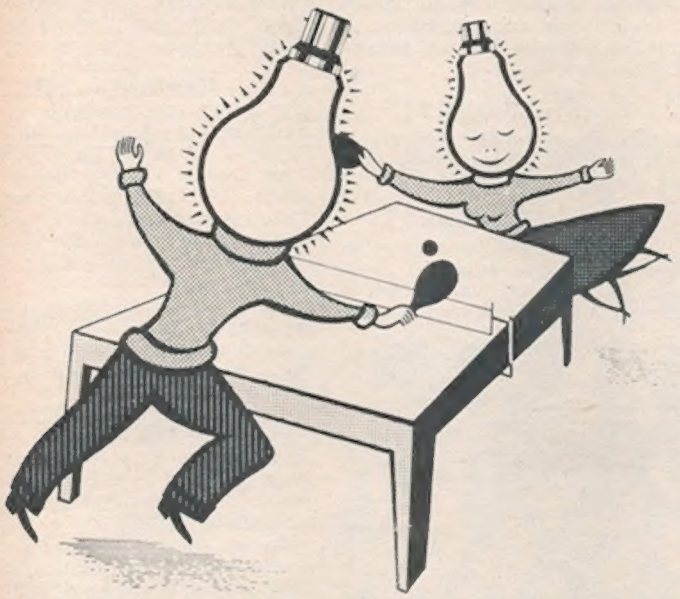
He quotes Dennis MacWilliams, the inspector, as saying, "stars have nothing to do with quality." This puzzles me.

My handbook implies that these stars refer to quality. They also appear to refer considerably more to the amenities than to the size of the hotel as indicated by the number of bedrooms. In the A.A. handbook, for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Indoor games are more exciting

When they're played by Osram lighting!



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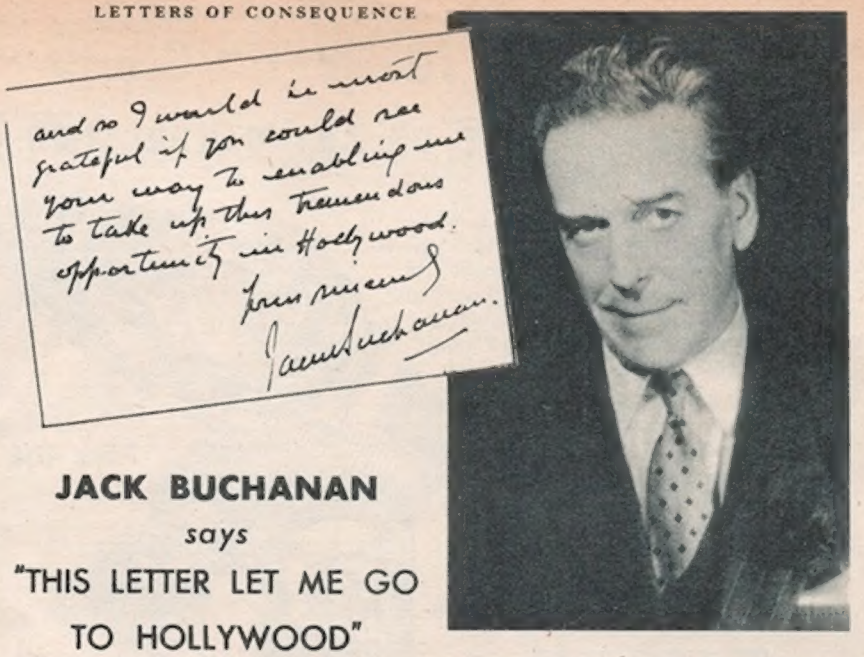
and so I would be most
grateful if you could see
your way to enabling me
to take up this tremendous
opportunity in Hollywood.
Yours sincerely
Jack Buchanan.

JACK BUCHANAN
says
"THIS LETTER LET ME GO TO HOLLYWOOD"

"One of the biggest turning-points in my career came when I was playing the lead in a New York musical," says Jack Buchanan, who plays the lead in the J. Arthur Rank production "As Long As They're Happy."

" It was a great success and all set for a long run, when I was offered the lead in a Hollywood musical. I'd never before appeared in a Hollywood film, so that offer was important to me. I had to write off to C. B. Cochran, who was managing the New York show, and ask for permission to leave it and go to Hollywood. Luckily I was let go—and so started my film career." Very often a letter can mark the turning-point in your life. That's why it's essential that the notepaper you use should create a favourable impression.

Like Jack Buchanan, use Basildon Bond. "It just suits the way I write," he says, "and it gives such dignity to handwriting." For quantity and quality Basildon Bond is excellent value. It's made of the finest materials and suits every type of pen.

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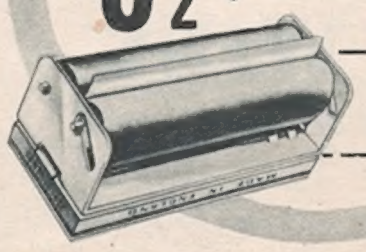

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

instance, there are a number of hundred-bedroomed hotels with three stars, while several four-star hotels have fewer than fifty bedrooms.—R. J. COOK, Sylvia Avenue, Brentwood, Essex.

The A.A. says that the quality referred to by MacWilliams is the quality of the amenities themselves. Star classification indicates only that certain amenities are provided.

Double Rations

CONTINENTAL breakfasts may be all very well for adults ("Free Speech," January 8), but I refuse to believe that you can send a child

Schoolgirls eat their "Oslo Breakfast"

off to school with only coffee and rolls inside him.

When we lived in Norway and our daughter went to a State school in Oslo, there was ample evidence of the importance attached to breakfast by the Norwegian authorities.

On arrival, she was given the "Oslo Breakfast" which was served to every child, regardless of what meal may have been provided at home.

In winter, this breakfast consisted of milk, cheese, butter, enriched bread, fruit—and cod liver oil. The food was sent to the school from a central kitchen.

The children we knew there seemed to catch fewer colds than English school children. I am sure that this *de luxe* meals service had a lot to do with it.—MRS. T. PRICE, Aberystwyth.

Target For Tonight

THE story of the American farmer who, to save his cow from being shot by hunters in mistake for a deer ("Free Speech," January 15), painted the word "cow" on it, reminds me of my early days as an air gunner.

After our first week's training at the air gunnery school, our commanding officer sent for us.

"You have all been carrying out target firing in the air at towed drogues," he said.

"So far, few hits have been recorded on the drogues, but it has been reported that three pigs, two cows and the wing of a towing aircraft have been shot."

At our next lecture in the aircraft identification room, we found among the silhouettes of enemy aircraft a familiar shape labelled "friendly towing aircraft," and two others—"pig" and "cow."—FRANK WOOD, Mandrake Road, London.

Remnant Sale

MY grandfather has told me about Burghead's custom of burning the clavie (JOHN BULL, January 8).

He owned the Commercial Hotel where your photograph was taken. This was more than thirty years ago, and each year after the clavie had been burned, he bought the pole for ten shillings.

He believed that this, or any other remnant of the clavie, would keep witches away from his house for the rest of the year.—MRS. I. L. BARBER, East Lothian.

Tidy Speed

THE letter "Slow reading held him back" ("Free Speech," January 15) recalled memories of my many years of teaching.

In my opinion, slow readers eventually become the best scholars. I once tested a class of forty boys, aged fourteen and fifteen. Six of them were extremely slow readers, and four were remarkably quick ones. The rest were average.

In their written compositions, the slow six rarely had mistakes, either in spelling or punctuation. The average readers had made the number of mistakes a schoolmaster would expect from boys of that age.

The quick readers, on the other hand, had between them made twice as many mistakes as the thirty "average" boys, and their work was far untidier.—REV. E. J. LLOYD, Ph.D., D.Lit., Portmadoc.

Short Handed

LAST year, in Italy, I went into a post office and was greatly surprised to find that a typewriter was put out for the use of the public.

This must be very handy for people who have a small amount of typing to do, and feel that the job is too short to take to a professional typing bureau.—J. WARD, Hillhouse Street, Glasgow.

In the principal post offices of some large Italian cities, a typewriter is provided free of charge for people to type their telegrams. A main post office in Rome has a "typing room" where machines can be hired by the hour at a small charge.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IT'S a British custom to turn green with envy when blue with cold—dreaming of other people's winter sunshine. The man in Douglas Mays's cover won't get to Hawaii, but he'll step inside the agency and collect brochures about Corsica, Spain and Italy. Forty per cent of the one and a quarter million who go abroad visit France. Ireland, Belgium and Luxembourg are next in popularity. But seventy per cent of holidaygoers stay in Britain, and many are, for the first time, beginning to discover their own country. "It's curious," says Mays, "that often the places the traveller most wants to see again don't have the softest comforts."

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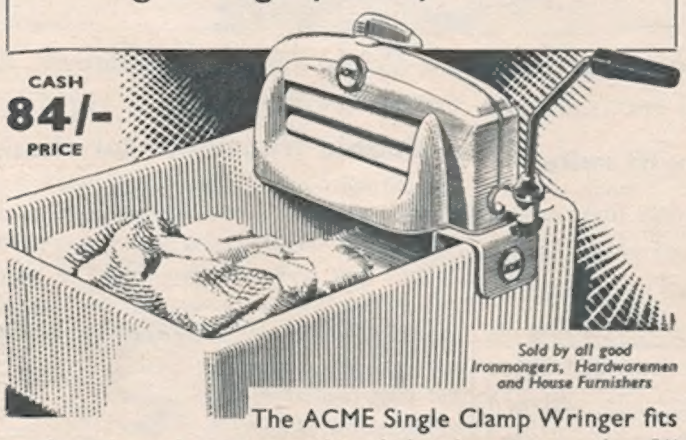

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new Fynnon Balm contains NIACIN!

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BIG GAME FINDS AN AFRICAN PARADISE

by DON EVERITT

Mervyn Cowie braves teeth, claws and poisoned arrows in his fight to give Kenya's animals sanctuary and protect them from their worst enemy—man

DOWN THE HOT, palm-fringed Tiva River the patrol found carcasses of elephants and rhinoceroses ravaged and robbed of their tusks and horns. In trees, they saw rough platforms on which the native poachers slept and watched for their prey; they found crude beehives strung up at widely scattered spots to provide food for the poachers on their long hunting trips.

Now, fifty-five miles deep in the virgin African bush, the patrol stopped before three sets of human footprints stretching across the sand and disappearing into the bush. The impressions were freshly made.

The patrol leader, Mervyn Cowie, head of Kenya's national parks, deployed his men for a search. The eight African rangers followed the tracks into the bush while Cowie himself, his two sons and three European game wardens explored the river banks.

Suddenly, Cowie and the wardens heard a shot. A ranger had spotted the poachers, and they had loosed poisoned arrows at him. One flew past his left arm, another pierced the ground at his feet. Though the ranger risked a painful death, park rules forbade him to shoot at the poachers. He fired into the air.

Irate Buffaloes Charged Him

Cowie and a warden raced to answer the call and caught one poacher as he scrambled with his bow and arrows into the thick undergrowth. Another warden, chasing the other natives, came face to face with six irate buffaloes. The buffaloes stampeded towards him. Scrambling up an anthill, he lost sight of the poachers as the buffaloes thundered past. The patrol, with their one captive, returned to the river.

It had been a tough trip. Cowie was leading the patrol on a month's inspection of the lower Tiva River, a region in the Tsavo National Park unexplored by white men. In two four-wheel-drive utility cars, they had first burst their way through twenty miles of bush to reach the river.

Then they had followed its course for more than fifty miles, driving actually on the river: in the dry season the water runs three or four feet *under* the sandy river bed. Though the sand was generally hard and even, sandbanks, old elephant drinking holes and passing herds frequently stopped the cars.

The engine of one car ultimately failed, and Cowie had to radio the nearest ranger post for

Taming a lion cub is no problem to Cowie. He once trained a pride of lions to help in his campaign to establish Kenya's national parks

a new part. With only a brief description of the rendezvous, two African rangers tramped thirty miles overnight through unfriendly, thorny bush country, across a river and over a range of hills to deliver the part.

"The poacher," Cowie now thought, "is at least some reward for our pains."

That night, the party slept on blankets on the sand some miles farther down the river. The poacher, an old wizened man, was fed, and Cowie had him tied up and made him lie between two rangers.

At dawn, Cowie awoke first and glanced towards the rangers guarding the poacher. They slept peacefully. Between them lay the old man's sandals and the ropes which had bound him. He had gone.

Cowie, who has an obsessive determination to save the dwindling wild life of Kenya from extinction, has a tough and elusive task, epitomized by the capture and escape of the wily old poacher. Over some 22,000 square miles of African plains, bush jungle and mountains, he and a band of wardens and rangers keep unceasing guard over tens of thousands of tropical creatures: lions, leopards, crocodiles, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami and a vast range of others. Cowie spends most of his time protecting them from their worst enemy: man.

In 1952, the Kenya Government announced a scheme to draw water from Mzima Springs, a beauty spot in the Tsavo National Park, for the people and ships at the growing port of Mombasa. Cowie was incensed. Every day, fifty million gallons of clear water percolate through the nearby hills into Mzima Springs, providing a natural nursery for about a hundred hippopotami and the blue, fairy-like barbus fish which escort the beasts and eat the ticks off their backs.

Cowie complained that the government plan for damming the springs and raising the water level would submerge the surrounding vegetation and scatter the hippos from their haven. The dispute reached a climax when the government stated firmly that it could find no alternative water supply.

With every politic device from petitions to gossip, Cowie fired public opinion to such an extent that the story of Mzima reached newspapers in Britain, Europe and America: one French newspaper reported on "the strange people of Kenya who find time, while fighting virtually a war with the Mau Mau, to try to save a few hippopotami in a pool."

The government reconsidered the plan and agreed to draw off only part of the water by underground pipeline from far above the head of the springs. After ensuring that the construction would not seriously harm the scene or the animals, Cowie was content.

Forty-five years old, Cowie is a slim, loose-limbed man, five feet eleven inches tall. He has a calm and self-possessed manner. His eyes and hands are steady and his voice is quiet and assured. He is slow to smile. His hair is thin and grey, and four arched wrinkles constantly mount his forehead. His only noticeable habit is brushing his military-style moustache from side to side with his thumb and forefinger.

On her Kenya visit in 1952, Princess Elizabeth wanted to photograph a lion. Cowie's men lured one to her route so that, from the front of her shooting brake, she could film it with its kill

An elephant's skull warns visitors to the Nairobi park that the animals are dangerous. Lions sniff round the cars, and an enraged lion once chased Cowie's saloon, then jumped on top of it

Mud Hut Was His Birthplace

On official business, he wears a grey tie patterned with rhinoceros silhouettes. He looks, even in city clothes, exactly the part to which he has dedicated himself.

That dedication—to protect the wild life of Kenya—goes back over the eight years he has spent as director of the Royal National Parks, over the previous fourteen years during which he struggled to establish them, and has its roots in the experiences and conflicts of his boyhood on a pioneer farm in the African bush.

Cowie's father, a Boer War veteran, went to the new land of Kenya in 1903, hoping to make a new life out of farming and hunting big game for ivory and skins. In a home of thatched mud and grass huts thirty miles from the then shanty town of Nairobi, his wife gave birth to their second son on April 13, 1909. She named him Mervyn Hugh.

Safaris, guns, big game and adventure filled Mervyn Cowie's boyhood. He had his first rifle, a .22, just before his seventh birthday. He went on long hunting trips with his father and uncles. The family spent every Christmas in camp in the bush.

In those days, to shoot straight and to keep calm in the face of danger seemed to young Cowie the only ambitions worth having. He hero-worshipped his father, his uncles and other hunters he knew. From them he learned the arts of hunting and trapping. He hoped to emulate them.

Guns Lost Their Attraction

From 1922, when he reached the age of thirteen, four years of schooling in England brought a temporary halt to his hunting. He returned home to take out his guns as a professional. He hunted alone. He celebrated his eighteenth birthday with a bag of five lions shot in quick succession with five bullets.

From 1930 to the end of 1932, Cowie studied at Oxford University. During one vacation, he returned home and took a friend hunting. In an area which Cowie had once known to be teeming with wild life, they found little game and had a poor bag. When Cowie finally returned to Kenya, his guns no longer attracted him.

Working in Nairobi as an accountant, he spent his weekends in the bush, studying the dwindling

Cowie himself took this close-up of a rhinoceros followed by her calf. "A wild animal will rarely attack a man who hides his fear," he says

game. He saw that the chief threat to the animals' existence came not from the guns and arrows of hunters and poachers, but from advancing civilization. Towns, roads, farms were pushing the wild life from its haunts and breeding grounds.

Ultimately, Cowie joined and brought new life to a dying campaign for national parks. He stirred apathetic public opinion with a newspaper letter advocating, under a pseudonym, that all wild animals be destroyed to make way for development.

He spent two years secretly taming a pride of lions in the bush, so that when he took influential people to examine a potential national park, the lions appeared at the sound of his car horn. On Christmas Eve, 1946, ten years after joining the campaign, Cowie, now the executive officer to the parks trustees, announced the opening of the first park.

Today, Mervyn Cowie directs the activities of ten European wardens and about a hundred African rangers in twelve national parks, reserves and historical sites in Kenya. His domain covers jungle and desert; it includes an ancient Arab city and a classic site of a prehistoric settlement, 200,000 years old; it contains rare animals like the reticulated giraffe and Grevy's zebra.

Cowie has to implement the twin aims of keeping the parks in their natural state and of allowing reasonable access to visitors. The tasks frequently conflict.

Shot Elephant At Twenty Yards

Though the animals roam wild, Cowie has to exercise some control to prevent them getting into conflict with man. While motoring through Tsavo National Park at dusk one evening, Cowie and the park warden met a herd of elephants. Suddenly, one went berserk. Each time Cowie and the warden approached him he charged towards them; when they hastily withdrew, he savaged every bush and tree within reach. Watching these antics for more than half an hour, the two men decided that the animal might easily harm less experienced visitors. They got out of the car and walked towards the elephant. This time when he charged, they shot him in the head from twenty yards.

Cowie has to try to keep the animals in the unfenced parks and out of adjoining farmlands. Outraged farmers have frequently shot elephants and rhinoceroses which have trampled and eaten their crops.

Though Cowie sympathizes with and assists the farmers, his interests always lie ultimately in the protection of the animals. In making a report about fencing part of a park, he said, typically: "I was concerned, firstly, with protecting the lions themselves, and, secondly, with protecting ignorant or unreasonably bold people from accidents."

Near the Tsavo Park, farmers grow sisal, a popular delicacy with elephants. The elephants

Continued on page 44

The obstinate widow

by ***JAMES McCORMICK***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

My mother would never take charity—I knew that. How would I tell her about the money?

I WAS MILKING CLORENDA when Ma came limping across the corral looking all dragged-out and pale, a big slit in the right knee of her jeans. It was the sight of the blood that brought me sharp up off the stool. "Ma!" I cried.

"It's all right, son." She managed a smile. "At least it's not my neck."

"Is it very bad?" I said. "Let's get you to the house and take a look."

I helped her over to the house and sat her down in a chair. I rolled up the leg of her jeans to uncover the cut. She sat quiet and let me do it, but she was worrying about Clorenda.

"It's not doing that cow any good, leaving her half milked," she said.

"Your knee's more important," I said. I got hot water off the stove and some clean cloths. It wasn't the gash that worried me so much as the big blue bruise around the knee.

Ma talked as I sponged away the grit. "Girlie ran close to a cottonwood. I ducked under the branches, but clean forgot to shift my knee out of the way of the trunk."

"It's a nasty one, Ma," I said. "I bet it hurts. You'll be limping."

"Your English's limping, too," Ma said. She was smiling in the soft-bitter way she'd done ever since Dad went down under one of the grizzly bears we get in this part of Canada, and I knew she was worrying about Clorenda and Clorenda's bull calf, Teddie. She was worrying because we had to sell them to get the money to buy winter feed for the horses—and it looked now as if she wouldn't be able to take them in to the sale.

I wrapped her knee tightly to stop the blood, and for a while I stared at the white bandage. Then I said: "I'll go and catch Teddie, Ma, after I've finished milking Clorenda."

"Pity I couldn't have rounded-in Teddie myself without running into a tree."

I stood looking at her. "Ma," I said, "couldn't we find some other way of raising the money? I mean——"

"We've been all over that, Jimmy," she said abruptly.

We certainly had. I said: "All right, then let me take Clorenda and Teddie down the mountain for you."

She gazed at me thoughtfully.

"I could ride into Williams Lake with the Fall Drive, and then I can bring the sale money right back here. It'll save Joe Spiller bringing it."

Ma's eyes flickered when I spoke Joe's name, and she looked away. I couldn't understand why she never wanted to see him now that Dad was dead. Joe was fine; he had taught me a lot of things.

She said slowly: "All right, son. But be extra careful. You know how skittish Teddie can be. Take it slowly and see Clorenda is comfortable all the way."

"Gosh, Ma!" I hadn't really thought she'd agree. "I'll be very careful. I'll see to everything. But are you sure you'll be all right? I'll be away for a night."

"I'll manage." She got up to test her knee, and hobbled a step or two. She was awful white in the face and the sweat was standing out on her forehead. "I'll get around all right," she said.

"I'll get going, then," I said.

"Don't forget to thank Mr. Spiller for letting you tag along with the drive."

"I won't, don't you worry," I said.

I finished milking Clorenda and turned her out into the road. Then I mounted Girlie and went to look for Clorenda's silly calf, Teddie. He was easy to trace in the bush because of his high-pitched mooing. He could smell his mother. I hazed him out of there and got him and Clorenda started down the mountain.

ON the edge of the river flats I caught up with the big cattle drive. Joe Spiller and his six riders were holding a conference, with four hundred steers waiting at the edge of the mud. The river had been high from the fall rains and now it had dropped, leaving seventy yards of loose squelch. The cattle couldn't cross.

Joe looked me over and eased his big hat back, leaving a red rim-line on his forehead. "Hallo, Jimmy," he said. "What's this?"

I told him about Ma, and he frowned.

"I reckon you'd be better off back nursing your ma," he said. "We're stuck tight here."

"Stuck, Joe?"

"Stuck!" One of the riders, a feller called Plug Hobart, spat. "And we're going to miss the auction."

Joe shook his head. "We won't miss the auction," he said. "But we'd better start cutting those cottonwoods straight away." He turned to me. "We're planning to use the tops as brush and lay the logs on top."

"That'll make a corduroy road, eh, Joe?" I said.

"That'll make a corduroy road, kid." He looked at me hard. "You're selling Clorenda and Teddie? That mean things are kind of tight with you?"

"A little," I told him.

He grinned faintly when he saw my chin come up. "You're like your ma, Jimmy," he said. The grin vanished and he sighed. He looked

"You're not going to hurt her!" I yelled. Joe

pretty glum for a moment, but then he jerked himself out of it. "Well?" he said. "Want to help out?"

"Sure."

"Grab an axe out of the chuck wagon, then."

We got started, and spent close on five hours slogging brush and poles across the mud. It was early evening by the time the road was finished.

There wasn't any time to waste, and Joe and his men started right in hazing the steers to the beginning of the road, while I held Clorenda and Teddie apart from the main herd.

It didn't look as though it was going to work, though. The mass of cattle drifted in a ragged

caught my wrists and grinned. But he was not looking at me. The grin was for my mother

tide towards the corduroy, but as soon as the leading animals got out on the loose-laid poles, the unsure footing panicked them and they went bawling and plunging off into the mud. The drovers cursed.

Joe yelled. "Ease up. We'll try them in batches." He sounded cool enough, but he looked grim, and it wasn't hard to guess why. He was thinking about the auction. If he didn't get the steers over and on their way pretty quick, other drovers would be beating him to Williams Lake with their herds and would cream off the big money. Joe's name would sag with the ranchers who employed him if that happened. And that wasn't all. He and his men would lose their bonus money.

So the drovers went to work again, doing as Joe suggested, but that didn't work either. The steers wouldn't be batched up. A dozen of them went wild and plunged into the mud and stuck. The men, cursing harder than ever, roped them out, but that only left everybody still on the wrong side of the mud and without much idea what else to do about it.

Then a big yell went up from a drover called Crispy Chapman. "Hey!" Crispy shouted. "Look at that damn bull calf!" And we all saw that Teddie, who'd drifted from under my nose while I was watching the steers, had got his nose in the chuck wagon. A fine haze of flour dust hung on the air.

The drover nearest Teddie yip-yipped and rode at him. Knowing Teddie as I did, I yelled at the man, but I was too late. Teddie took off, rampaging straight into the herd. He cut a lane through the cattle like a fire through under-brush.

I put my horse Girlie after him like a shot, riding through the herd. But by the time I came out at the other side, Teddie was gallivanting over the corduroy, tail high and full of pitch. Girlie picked her way over, and we caught Teddie on the other side of the mud.

Plug Hobart and Crispy Chapman came riding over, too, and then Joe. I expected a rousting from Joe, but he only reined up and sat there staring at Teddie in a thoughtful sort of way.

"Think that cow of yours will follow her calf over the corduroy?" he asked me.

"She might."

By this time Teddie had started his high-pitched bawling again, and was getting loud answers from Clorenda's throat. "Well—" said Joe. "It's worth trying. Plug—you go over and bring that cow across the corduroy nice and slow. Her yelling might turn the trick."

I rode in between Plug and Joe. "I'll bring her across, Joe," I said.

"You, Jimmy?" He shook his head. "I couldn't risk it. If those steers rush after your cow, you'd be in real trouble. And if anything happened to you, Mary—your ma, I mean—would know who to come gunning for."

"It's our cow, Joe," I said. I could feel the skin on my face tightening.

Joe stared hard at me, and then he shrugged. "All right," he said at last.

Plug said: "Joe, you can't let this kid——"

"You're talking too much, Plug," Joe said. He looked at me again. "Go and fetch her over, then, Jimmy," he said, and he looked and sounded a lot more human suddenly. "I'll watch out for you."

I tied Teddie to a cottonwood, and then followed the other men across the corduroy. When I got to the other side, one of the drovers was waiting with Clorenda. I tied her rope around my saddle horn, and we were all set to go.

We started off, and the back of my scalp was prickling. I didn't need telling what could happen if those steers came with a rush. No use worrying about it now, though, because I was already leading Clorenda out on to the corduroy road. She was bawling so loud that I couldn't hear what the herd was doing behind me.

Half-way across I took a big breath and looked round. A thick stream of steers was following us, coming as easy and natural as though Clorenda was the mother of them all.

In half an hour the whole herd was over, except for a few of the clumsy ones that had got edged off into the mud. The drovers soon had them snaked out of it, and, when all the steers were safe across, the men came thundering after them over the corduroy, yip-yipping like mad, full of pitch and noise, thinking of the big bonus money that was sure to be coming to them now.

Joe helped get the steers collected into a tight bunch again. Then he said: "We'll eat before we move on—if that cow will give us a chance to hear ourselves chewin'." Clorenda was still bawling. And I suddenly realized why she was making so much noise. I'd forgotten clean about her evening milking.

When I told Joe, he laughed. "All right, boys—there'll be milk for the coffee. Looks like we owe half our bonus money to Jimmy's Clorenda, and she milks our coffee into the bargain!"

The other drovers all laughed, too, and settled down to eat. I milked Clorenda. Later, while we drank the coffee, Joe moved round

Continued on page 42

Triumph for people who live in the dark

by REX GRIZELL

At Manor House, the blind are taught that help can be their enemy. So they tackle every problem of work and play—alone

AT HALF PAST SEVEN on an October morning in 1951, Eddie Astin kissed his wife goodbye and got on his motorcycle to ride seven miles from his home in Bradford to Brighouse, where he worked as a motor mechanic. He was feeling fine: at twenty-seven he was doing well in his job, a few months earlier his wife had given birth to their first child, and they were planning to buy their own house.

Though the weather had been fair when he left home, he soon found fog patches on the road. In one of them, he was in a head-on collision with an approaching car.

Astin had multiple injuries to the head and face. For six weeks he lay with only his mouth and nostrils exposed by the bandages which swathed his head. He was unaware of the nature of his injuries until one day he heard a doctor ask, "Which eye was it that was removed, nurse?"

For two more weeks Astin lay in darkness beneath the bandages. During this time he consoled himself with the thought that at least he had another eye. Then the bandages were removed.

Did Not Believe Doctor

"Can you see the sunshine?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"Or any light at all?"

When Astin again said no, the doctor told him gently that there was no hope that he would ever regain his sight.

"I couldn't believe him," says Eddie Astin. "I felt that as long as I had one eye I was bound to see again. When they brought me a braille alphabet to learn, I told them to take it away. It seemed to be a passport to blindness."

But the doctors were right. Eddie Astin was incurably blind; and as the realization sank into his mind his nerves went to pieces.

"When they sent me home, I was helpless," he says. "I sat in an armchair by the fire. If my wife left me alone for a moment I panicked. 'What could I do if something happens?' I kept asking myself."

But if, for the moment, Astin had given up the struggle, his wife Winifred, who had known from the first that he would be blind, had not. The hospital almoner had told her of the Homes of Recovery run by the Royal National Institute for the Blind, at Torquay. She persuaded her husband to go there for the three months' course.

"I didn't want to go. It all seemed useless to me. I wanted to die," says Astin.

A Full And Useful Life

On March 10, 1952, he arrived at the Manor House, Torquay, and was welcomed by Tom Drake, a tall, lean, brisk-mannered Yorkshireman of forty-three, who has been warden in charge at Torquay since 1941.

Drake is well qualified to understand the problems of the blind. He himself went completely blind within a space of eight weeks, twenty-three years ago. Assisted by his partially sighted wife and a staff of ten trained instructors, some of whom are blind, Drake points the way to a full and useful life for 120 newly blinded people every year. At nearby America Lodge, which shares the Manor House training facilities, a further sixty visitors take the course each year.

Drake remembers Astin's arrival. "I thought he had come much too soon after the accident," he says. "He was trembling and both he and

Two residents at the Manor House stroll with Miss Jones, a member of the staff. Patients stay until they regain their self-confidence

The gymnasium is just as important as the workshops are. The punchball is popular—newly-arrived students can vent aggressive feelings on it

Some residents do gardening as part of their treatment. One former patient is now successfully running his own smallholding

his wife were in tears. He was in bad shape mentally and physically."

Soon after Astin's arrival, Drake took him round. In the main building there are occupational therapy rooms, and classrooms for typing and braille reading; in the beautiful grounds there are a carpenter's shop, an assembly shop, a gymnasium and a pottery studio.

"I had been told that Mr. Drake was blind but I found it hard to believe," says Astin. "As he went confidently from place to place, I found myself thinking: 'Perhaps things are not so bad. If I pull myself together, one day I shall be able to do the things that he can do.'"

At the end of the tour, Drake took Astin to a large lawn encircled by a gravel path. Placing Astin's hand on a guide rail, Drake said, "Follow this and go round by yourself. It will bring you back here."

Astin, who until that moment had hardly moved a step without a hand on his arm, had to argue with himself to overcome his fears. "I was afraid to go, but ashamed not to," he recalls. "At last I did manage to get round, and it seemed to me like a great achievement."

Later, Astin asked to be taken for longer walks, outside the Manor grounds. Drake took him for the half-hour walk down to the town. He showed Astin how to tell his position from the slope of the ground, the camber of the road and the different surfaces underfoot. With time and practice, Drake told him, some blind people could locate gateways, lamp-posts and parked cars by changes in the echoes of their own footsteps—almost the same principle by which radar locates ships and aeroplanes.

One young man, said Drake, was once seen on the lawn of the Manor House looking for a canvas chair which he knew was somewhere at hand. Since his footsteps on the grass were silent, he slapped his thigh. From the echo, he placed the chair and walked straight to it.

After being accompanied two or three times on the walk to the town, Astin regularly did it by himself. As his mobility increased, his nerves improved and he gained confidence. "The attainment of mobility is our first aim," says Drake.

The Manor House has special features which help. There are no guide ropes in the house, but different floor and wall surfaces help to tell residents where they are. Each of the several doors to the lounge has a handle of different design. Bedroom doors have raised numbers fixed at eye level. In the communal dining-room, residents eat in groups of four at separate tables, and everyone has a napkin ring of individual design to help him to recognize his own place at table. The house is supplied with clocks that can be felt. In the grounds, guide rails edge the paths to the various workshops.

"When a person has realized that he is not helpless, we try to show him that he is not useless either," says Drake.

Men Regain Their Skill

In the workshops, Drake's instructors, using specially designed jigs, teach men who have been in industry that they can regain the skills which they think they have lost. In the assembly shop one of the basic exercises consists of studying with the fingers a simple three-dimensional Meccano pattern, such as a box or a bridge. When the blind student thinks he understands it, he is allowed to keep the pattern and is given all the necessary parts to build one exactly like it. At a later stage, the student is given no extra parts but is simply told to strip down the pattern and rebuild it from memory.

"I have had some students who could strip down and rebuild small electric motors," says Bert Mills, the assembly instructor.

Drake encourages his residents to try every kind of therapy until they find one or two special interests. "Somehow we have to get them to a point where they look forward to further achievement and not back at the past," he says.

Once Eddie Astin had gained some confidence, he found an interest in braille and typing, and avoided doing other forms of therapy in order to concentrate on them.

With some other people it is not so easy. Once, a father brought his son to Drake, saying that the boy was a hopeless case and had no will to succeed. Drake found that the boy failed at everything and had no interest in any sort of therapy. He slouched about the place, seeming to wilt. As a last resort, Drake gave him the job of looking after some pigs and hens which he had just acquired for those residents who come up from the country. Quite suddenly, the boy changed completely. He got up early every morning to look after his animals; soon he began to take an interest in general gardening. Drake persuaded the boy's father to give him a chance; now he has a smallholding which he runs successfully.

Drake encourages a wide field of social activity. Ordinary playing cards stamped with braille signs enable the blind to play among themselves or with sighted people. Games such as darts and skittles are played in the gymnasium. A bell behind the centre of a dartboard is rung to give the player his aim; a sharp tap on the foremost skittle serves a similar purpose. Chess and dominoes are also played. Some newly blind people are noisy and aggressive, and Drake finds that the punchball is popular. "They like to get rid of their feelings on it," he says. "When they settle down, they forget about it."

Wanted Special Attention

Discussions based on the *Any Questions?* formula are held. Drake encourages mixed parties to go to dances at the big hotels in the town, and every week he holds a dance in the Manor House. At Christmas time there is a fancy dress ball.

Occasionally Drake gets somebody who is very resentful and bitter, and refuses to join in social activities. He remembers one man who was morose and kept apart; in class he demanded special attention from his teachers, and he refused to bother about time—punctuality is important since it enables Drake to know when anyone is lost.

"I put up with it as long as I could," says Drake. "But at last I told him that he was thoroughly conceited, self-centred and unpleasant. He seemed to improve after that."

After the man left the Manor House, he wrote to Drake thanking him for his frankness. When

Continued on page 32

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In 1932, Jack Payne (leaning against piano) built his own show. His stars included the Two Leslies (left), Jimmy James (kneeling) and Beryl Orde

I SAID IT WITH MUSIC (3) *by Jack Payne*

We storm the stage - and hit the jackpot

Managers were clamouring to book the show band at £2,400 a week. "We had to do more than play music," says Jack. "We put on stunts — anything from a model ship to a live camel"

DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, the microphone has harmed show business immeasurably. I blame myself for putting it into the variety theatre. When I first took my B.B.C. band on the stage in 1930, George Black, the impresario, said to me: "In the theatre, I want the audience to hear the band and your voice exactly as they hear them on their wireless sets at home. You've an audience of hundreds of thousands, but they won't come to the box office and pay to see you in the flesh if you make a different sound."

To follow George's advice, which I fully endorsed, I obviously had to use the instruments of radio—the microphone and the loudspeaker. Other artists soon saw how this apparatus made it much easier to give a performance, and began copying me. Today, as a result, the variety stage lacks movement. In the days before radio, a vocalist had to sell a song, throwing his voice into every corner of the theatre. Now, he stands leaden-footed in the centre of the stage, singing to a small, chromium-plated box.

I became a slave to the microphone myself. Soon after my vaudeville début, I received an invitation to appear in the 1930 Royal Command performance at the London Palladium. As a newcomer to the stage, I felt extremely nervous. It fell to my band to do the last act and to play the National Anthem. As happens often at dress rehearsals, several acts overran their allotted times. The producer whittled down my own programme, minute by minute. I grew more and more agitated.

When the time came to rehearse the band only a few minutes before the theatre doors opened, I realized suddenly that I had no microphone.

A B.B.C. man explained: "We've disconnected the theatre amplifiers to prevent any interference through the radio mikes which are hidden in the footlights to pick up the sound of the audience. You'll have to speak and sing as loud as you can."

I searched backstage for a megaphone, without success. I have never felt so nervous as when I walked on the stage to conduct the band. In my frail voice, I sang "The world is waiting for the sunrise," while behind the backcloth a lamp screwed into the centre of a washbowl made an impressive picture of the sun rising. The audience applauded, but at any other than a Royal Command performance I felt certain I would

For a bet, Duggie Wakefield and his gang dressed as tramps and drove up to Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel in Payne's car. Dodging the doorman, they got in

In Africa, Jack and Doris, his first wife, rode in rickshaws —and in the new Buick given them by the show's promoters

have got the bird. I resolved never to work without a microphone again.

For me to criticize the microphone, of course, sounds imprudent. The instrument made me a fortune. George Black's idea brought the radio listeners in tens of thousands out of their homes to see this phenomenon, Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra.

Success took me a little by surprise. Two years earlier, I had taken my band on the stage and we had flopped miserably. C. B. Cochran, the famous impresario, had afterwards warned me that show bands were a novelty that would not last.

In the two intervening years, however, I had been fortunate enough to win a vast potential audience for myself and my band through the new medium of radio. I take little credit for the band's popularity; anyone else lucky enough to have led the first official "B.B.C. Dance Orchestra" could have had equal success with it on the halls.

The band became the biggest show business hit of the thirties. Only Gracie Fields ever surpassed our box office figures, and at many theatres we took even more than she. The first time we went to Manchester we intended doing three shows daily. After the second day, we had to add another performance. At our next visit, we planned four shows a day, and finished the week doing six, starting at ten o'clock in the morning.

Had To Hire Special Train

In London, we often worked two theatres or cinemas simultaneously, playing three shows a day at each, and four on Saturdays. We played, for instance, the first half of the first house at the Holborn Empire, then straightway went by coach to the Stratford Empire for the second half of its first house and the first half of the second house. Then we drove quickly back to Holborn for the second half of its second house, and (if you see what I mean) so on.

Life became almost unbearably hectic during my first eighteen months on the stage, because I remained under contract to the B.B.C. and the band continued to broadcast daily. The B.B.C. stipulated that we played only at theatres within reach of the London or regional studios.

Once, to get from a Chatham theatre to Savoy Hill and back, we had to hire a special train. On another occasion, illuminations on Thamesside brought crowds and traffic jams which obstructed our route from the Brixton Astoria, where our show ended at ten-thirty, to the B.B.C. studios, where we were due to broadcast at eleven. My chauffeur had the presence of mind to make a detour, but the coach taking the rest of the band got wedged in the crowds near Westminster Bridge.

Felt Clumsy On The Stage

At five to eleven, I prepared to apologize to the listeners and to play gramophone records until the band arrived. Four minutes later, they rushed in. Jack Jackson had explained their dilemma to the police, who had forced a way through for the coach. A day or two later, a few listeners wanted to know why the first seconds of the programme were filled with the discordant strains of instruments being tuned.

In my early days on the stage, I was a very green performer. On my first opening night, George Black came to me afterwards and said, warmly: "That was wonderful. Whatever you do, don't change your style."

"But I was so nervous," I said. "I didn't know what to do with my hands. I felt clumsy."

"You were fiddling with your tie. You didn't know what to do with yourself. You behaved a little self-consciously, as the man-in-the-street might have behaved. That is your attraction. If you're on the stage twenty years, be as you were tonight."

But I disappointed George Black. The trouble was that my manner was not an act which I could develop as other band leaders have done so successfully; I was genuinely nervous, and inevitably I grew out of it.

Some months later, I committed the unpardonable theatrical sin of reproving a member of the audience, at the Streatham Astoria. The band ran through a sentimental song, then I stood in front of the microphone and sang the lyric. To create a pleasing effect the lights gradually dimmed, leaving one spotlight on me. To my horror and subsequent fury, a penny tinkled on the stage at my feet.

At the end of the show, I went to the front of the stage, thanked the audience, then added that if the gentleman who threw the coin would come to the back of the theatre, I would tell him exactly what I thought of him. I found out, however, that the commissionaires had thrown out the man, who was drunk, some time earlier. A producer later lectured me at length. "The customer," he said, "no matter who he is or what his condition, is always right. You take all he gives you, and ask no questions." I'm not sure that I agree with him.

Left B.B.C. For More Money

In 1932, at the age of thirty-three and after two years on the stage, I left the B.B.C. I had decided I could make more money by devoting all my time to vaudeville. In a farewell broadcast, Sir John Reith, the director-general, said he felt proud of what I had done for the Corporation. Stuart Hibberd, who had introduced my band four years earlier, now bade it goodbye as an official B.B.C. orchestra.

I had received for myself and the band a salary of about £400 a week while working for George Black exclusively. Now I built my own show and offered it as a complete entertainment to the theatre managements. My terms were usually sixty per cent of the box office receipts. Managers were clamouring for the show. From

Aberdeen to Plymouth, we played for months on end to capacity houses.

In the larger cities, the theatres often took net receipts of £4,000 a week. From my share of £2,400, I paid the supporting company about £500, and, after paying the band, my office staff and overheads, I had plenty left for myself. At Sunday concerts, the band and I regularly added another £400 or £500 to the weekly takings.

I also signed a contract for £10,000 advance royalties with the Crystalate Gramophone Record Manufacturing Company. We made hundreds of records: in one morning, it was not unusual for us to record six numbers.

Sir Henry Wood Applauded

I also starred in a musical film called *Say It With Music*, which Herbert Wilcox devised and directed. Ray Noble, who had been my arranger and is now an American band leader, wrote the music for the film, including a hit called "Love is the sweetest thing." Being a newcomer to films, I did not make a lot of money out of the venture, but it was highly successful and valuable publicity. The film even reached Chinese audiences.

Several times, I toured France and the Low Countries with the band. We had an enormously successful season at the Empire in Paris. We played at numerous concert halls. Once, at the Kursaal in Ostend, I heard with some trepidation that Sir Henry Wood was in the audience. I wondered how he would react to our seven-minute arrangement of Ravel's "Bolero," which takes twenty-five minutes to play in full. To my surprise, he stood and applauded us with his hands held high.

A week in Amsterdam when the Carlton Hotel paid the band £1,000 just for playing for dancing in the evenings brought back memories of a much less enjoyable week I had spent in Holland some twelve years earlier. It had been my first professional engagement abroad. While playing with my first small band in Birmingham, a colleague secured an engagement for me at Zandvoort, a Dutch coastal resort. When my four-piece band arrived there, the promoters heard us rehearsing and told us that we were not their idea of a jazz band.

Lived On Bread And Cheese

We opened the following night, only to be told that the Dutch musicians' union would not allow us to play again. We realized it was an excuse to get rid of us.

We were a flop. We pooled our money, lived on bread, cheese and beer, and employed a solicitor to fight our case. We lost, and four musicians returned home to England broke and sadly disillusioned.

The comparison between Zandvoort and the Carlton Hotel, Amsterdam, showed me just how far I had come. It also made me wonder how much longer Lady Luck would stay at my side. To be successful in show business, you need to see her pretty often.

In 1936, while playing at the Nottingham Empire, I had a telephoned offer to tour South Africa with my show. I was making so much money in Britain that I did not really want to accept it.

"I might be interested," I said to the agent, "but it'll cost you a thousand pounds a week from the time we leave England." I felt that would deter the promoters.

Two or three hours later, the agent telephoned me again. "Yes, a thousand a week is all right," he said.

I had to find more obstacles.

"I must take my wife," I said, "and have a stateroom on the outward and homeward passages."

"Naturally, Mr. Payne. All that will be arranged."

"And what about my car? I take the Rolls everywhere."

"Well, if you want to shake it to pieces on

Continued on page 30

A great new novel by NEVIL SHUTE

IN RECENT YEARS Nevil Shute has published a succession of brilliant best-sellers, and built up a reputation as one of the most readable, controversial and imaginative of modern writers. JOHN BULL has already published three of Shute's novels. Now we are proud to announce serialization, before book publication, of his latest work. It is called . . .

REQUIEM FOR A WREN

Once again Nevil Shute makes use of his fascinating twin-story technique. He tells two stories side by side: one set in wartime England, the other in Australia.

Janet Prentice is an English girl who leaves school and a comfortable middle-class home to become a Qualified Ordnance Wren—a girl who services guns. Like all the characters Shute creates, Janet is a living, real person. She might be anyone's next-door girl—attractive, but no beauty; gay and healthy, but at times a prey to strange illusions and fancies.

Janet meets a young Australian, Bill Duncan, and falls in love. But Bill is a sergeant in the Royal Marines—a frogman—and the time is spring, 1944. Movingly, Shute describes a love affair played out in the fateful months before D-Day, during the mighty build-up for the invasion of Europe.

Intertwined with this poignant love story is another story, set in 1953. Alan Duncan, Bill's brother, is an ex-R.A.F. pilot who for eight years has sought contentment in the postwar world. Now he is returning from England to his family home, a vast sheep station in the Australian state of Victoria. The two threads in the pattern eventually become one—in a remarkable climax.

Requiem For A Wren is an unforgettable novel—as a love story, it is haunting; as a story of action in wartime, it is tense and exciting.

This is certain to be one of the books most in demand in 1955. Here is your chance to be among the first to read it. The opening instalment appears . . .

One of George Ditton's fine illustrations

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

MURDER ON THE NIGHT FERRY

by ***DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD***

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

He had waited seventeen years to kill this man. And now he had done it, neatly, thoroughly. Just a little too thoroughly . . .

WHEN I WAS in Paris the other day, a friend introduced me to Inspector Boulanger, one of the great characters of the Sûreté. He was kind enough to conduct me round the Sûreté Museum and point out relics of cases in which he had been concerned. We stopped at a glass-topped box containing an ordinary pair of gloves.

"These," said Boulanger, "are the gloves of Reginald Hamilton Carter, one of the few men who have twice been convicted of murder."

He opened the case and slowly pulled one of the gloves on to his small, podgy hand. "You have here the classic example of a murderer who was defeated by his own thoroughness."

Reginald Hamilton Carter was a professional burglar who in the mid-thirties made a speciality of raiding country houses. He was surprised during one of his jobs by the householder, a Colonel Wellesley-Price. The colonel fired at him with his Service revolver. He missed. Carter was in the habit of carrying an automatic himself. He replied in kind and shot the colonel through the heart.

The police investigation was successfully conducted by Superintendent Fraser of Scotland Yard. He arrested Carter and in December, 1936, brought him to trial. Carter pleaded not guilty to the capital charge of murder. He based his defence on the plea that he had used his automatic in self defence, and had fired only after he had been fired at. Throughout the trial his thin, pale face wore an expression of injured innocence.

Roger Stapelford, K.C.—later to become Sir Roger—was the prosecuting counsel in the case. Trenchant and merciless, he played havoc with this defence. The trial was characterized by an unusually bitter cross-examination of the prisoner by prosecuting counsel. It was a brilliant performance and it visibly influenced the jury against Carter.

When the sentence of death was being pronounced, the prisoner at the bar turned not towards the judge but to Stapelford. He regarded him steadily until the judge had completed the words: ". . . and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The Home Secretary reprieved Carter and his sentence was commuted to one of life imprisonment. Many influential people wrote letters of protest to the press. They were right. Carter was a murderer at heart. Though his behaviour in prison was exemplary, he was thinking and living for only one end. Stapelford had become in his mind the symbol of a society which had outlawed and cruelly oppressed him. Though they had later been annulled, the stark words of the death sentence had branded their mark permanently on his mind.

He was released from prison on March 7. It was a cold, blustery morning, exactly seventeen years and ninety days after he had been led down the steps from the dock, out of sight and mind of the crowded spectators in the Old Bailey.

HE did not need to find a job. He knew where to go to lay his hands on ample funds. The police had never discovered where he kept the proceeds of five years' successful housebreaking.

Sir Roger Stapelford, Q.C., had become during the intervening years a public figure. Carter had no difficulty in finding out that he lived in a small but luxurious house in Audley Street. He took a room in a hotel nearby and began to study the habits of his intended victim. He had waited seventeen years already and he was prepared to be patient, but it was only three weeks after his release that he thought he saw his opportunity.

"Hallo, Carter," Boulanger said pleasantly. The man at the bar started with surprise, and two larger men moved up behind the inspector

Stapelford had booked a passage on the night ferry to Paris on April 15.

Carter decided to adopt the name of an old acquaintance, Reginald Foster, a tobacconist, in Balham. He went to Somerset House where he applied for and, on payment of the appropriate fee, was given a birth certificate for that individual.

Certain friends countersigned his application for a passport. He took it, with two hazy photographs and the birth certificate, to the nearest Ministry of Labour office.

A WEEK later, a brand new passport arrived by post. In the meantime he had opened a bank account in the same name and purchased a new car. The registration book showed the owner as Reginald Foster. He joined the A.A. and booked a passage for himself and his car on the night ferry from Dover to Dunkirk on April 15.

A few days before the date of his departure, he rang up the booking office, purporting to be Sir Roger Stapelford, to confirm the number of the compartment reserved for him.

His advance preparations were now complete.

On the evening of the fifteenth at eight thirty, Carter's car was parked near Audley Street and he was standing on the other side of the road when Stapelford's Rolls-Royce called to take him to Victoria Station.

Before its tail lights had disappeared, Carter was crossing the street. He knew exactly where to go and what to do.

In three minutes he was at Stapelford's bedroom window. It was bolted and fitted with anti-burglar screws. Carter's glass cutter made a neat rectangle in the window; he reached in, unfastened the catch and released the screws. The window frame was sticking. He had to get his gloved hands underneath and push upwards with all his strength before there was room for him to pass through. He placed wedges under the door to guard against surprise, and began to search the room.

He worked tidily and precisely, leaving nothing disarranged. He stuffed a set of gold cuff-links and studs and a gold watch into his pocket. What he had really come to find was in the drawer of the bedside table. It was a .38 Service revolver, with six unfired cartridges in the chamber.

This was not an essential part of his plan, but it was a refinement which meant much to him. Stapelford's words, spoken all those years ago, came into his head: "Ladies and gentlemen of

In a drawer of the bedside table, he found it: a .38 Service revolver. He was about to wrap it up and escape when a light appeared under the door

the jury, it is only common sense to conclude that the mere possession of a firearm betrays an intention to use it. . . ."

The sudden appearance of a bar of light under the bedroom door warned Carter that the housekeeper was still in the house. He wrapped the revolver carefully in a cloth and, leaving his wedges in place, made his exit by the way he had come.

Until he was clear of London, he observed the speed limit carefully, but once on the Dover Road he drove flat out. He stopped on a lonely stretch and, after making sure that no one was near, he flung the gold articles he had stolen into the ditch. Then he took out Stapelford's revolver and fired one round into the ground. The report sounded thin and flat in the open air. He wrapped the gun up again and placed it in a pocket of his mackintosh. In the other pocket was his own automatic, silenced and fully loaded.

It was about 11.15 p.m. when he reached the docks at Dover. He was behind the required time, but he told a sorry tale of engine troubles and was reluctantly passed through by the A.A. man and the Customs. He was well aware that if the Customs man became interested in the mackintosh he had thrown carelessly on the passenger seat, his number would be up. It was a calculated risk and it came off. His car was the last to be driven on that evening. As he had anticipated, it stood at the head of the line and would be first off in the morning.

Carter had locked his car and was pocketing his keys when he heard a deep rumbling noise far below him. The train from London had arrived with its cargo of sleeping passengers and was being shunted in sections into the belly of the ship.

He sat in the bar till 2 a.m. sipping whisky. By that time the ship was quiet and almost everyone was asleep. It was a calm night and there was only a slight, slow swell. He went to his car, took the two weapons out and placed one in each pocket of his jacket. Then he climbed down the series of stairways that led to the men's third-class sleeping accommodation. His way took him to the low deck where the coaches of the night ferry stood.

THIS place was as long and dark as a cinema, and as quiet as a sepulchre. No lights were burning in the coaches. All he could hear were the creaks and cracks of the lumbering ship as it thrust its way through the water, and the subdued thundering of the propellers.

It was a matter of minutes to locate coach number four and single out compartment number two.

The window had been lowered about eight inches from the top. This had been another calculated gamble, but Carter knew that Stapelford was a lover of fresh air and always slept with an open window. He slowly pulled on his gloves and fastened the buttons.

His pulse rate was steady as he looked around for something to bring him up to the level of the opening. He found a small emergency ladder beneath one of the stairways. He brought it and leaned it carefully against the side of the carriage.

A careful look round showed him that no one else was stirring on the deck. He took his own automatic from his pocket, cocked it and climbed the ladder. In the dim compartment he could just distinguish the sleeping form.

He called softly: "Sir Roger! Wake up!"

The sleeping man stirred, sat up abruptly. "Who the devil . . . ?"

"It's Carter," the man on the ladder said softly. "You remember Carter, don't you?"

"If you're trying . . ." Sir Roger began explosively, but he never finished his sentence. Carter fired and the bullet smacked into his heart. Sir Roger fell back on his pillow with no more than a sharply bitten-off gasp. The plop of the silenced automatic blended with the confused noises of the ship.

Carter put the automatic back in his pocket. He drew out Stapelford's revolver with its one discharged cartridge. He put his arm through the window and dropped the gun close to the dead man's drooping hand. Then he pushed the window up, replaced the ladder and went up on deck. He threw his own automatic far out into the moonlit sea.

The harbour gates caused no delay that morning and the night ferry docked on time at ten minutes past four.

Carter's car was the first down the ramp and through the Customs. It was not yet daylight. He had to wait a few moments at the level crossing gates as the darkened train clattered past on its journey to Paris, four hours away.

* * *

Inspector Boulanger of the Paris Sûreté was awakened at 7 a.m. by the phone on his bedside

Continued on page 41

The snow plane swoops to the rescue

by ANN CHRISTOPHER

"Impossible," said the experts. But Hermann Geiger fitted skis to his aircraft—and began an Alpine glacier service. He carries urgent cargo, saves trapped skiers, and drops dynamite from nine feet up

ON A FINE AFTERNOON last May, in response to an emergency call from the mountain hut at Dixence, in the Swiss Alps, Hermann Geiger jumped into his small Piper Super Cub aircraft at Sion Airport and took off for the snow-covered slopes of Mont Calme.

He knew that he was on his way to the worst disaster he had encountered in the two years of mountain rescue work since he had proved that an aeroplane could land on and take off from an Alpine glacier. The phone message had told him that an avalanche had engulfed ten out of a party of twelve skiers, dragging them 1,200 feet down the steep slope.

When, fifteen minutes later, Geiger landed his aircraft on its skis on the slope of the mountain, he found a rescue team from the hut, helped by a specially trained avalanche dog named Zita, already digging the injured skiers from the neck-deep snow.

He got one man into his plane, took off and flew to Sion, where an ambulance was waiting. While the rescue workers on Mont Calme, guided by Zita, dug out the rest of the skiers, Geiger made five more flights to pick up the injured one or two at a time. On the sixth journey he carried the bodies of two of the skiers, who had been killed instantaneously.

Stopped By Snow Blindness

Although the rescue from the avalanche was the most arduous he had ever undertaken, Geiger, a short, stocky Swiss of forty, has picked up by air more than a hundred distressed mountaineers with broken or frozen limbs, or immobilized by snow blindness.

He works for the Valais branch of the Swiss Aeroclub, with Sion Airport as his base. The local hospital is equipped to deal with mountain casualties.

In his Super Cub, a tiny American plane, he can carry one casualty—at a pinch, two—from snowfield to ambulance in half an hour. Before he learned how to land on high mountains, injured people were exposed to long, painful treks on mule back or stretcher.

One bright morning, when passing the Kander Glacier, he noticed a man sitting on the edge of a deep crevasse, with the end of a rope in his hands. Geiger became curious, and landed to find out if he could help.

"It's lucky you noticed me," said the man, a mountain guide. "I've got a couple of tourists dangling on the other end of my rope and can't haul them up by myself!"

Between them they brought the tourists to

At Sion Airport, Hermann Geiger carries an injured skier out of the snow plane. Geiger has rescued more than a hundred mountaineers

When avalanches or treacherous ground conditions make transport difficult, Geiger runs a one-man air-lift, carrying supplies to Alpine huts

the top. Both had suffered slight concussion; so Geiger bundled them into his plane and delivered them to Sion in twenty-five minutes. It would have taken seven hours to take them on stretchers and skis to the bottom of the glacier—had the guide been able to let go of the rope and get help from the valley.

The Swiss Aeroclub's official tariff for rescue operations is seventy-two francs (about £6) a flying hour to cover actual costs, but money is of no consideration if it is a matter of saving a life. One day, Geiger received a telephone call at Sion: an electrician's apprentice had gone ski-ing with two friends, got his legs severely frost bitten and could not move from a remote spot. One of the boys skied to the nearest mountain shelter and telephoned Geiger.

"I'd better tell you that we are poor," the youngster explained, "and if you save our friend you'll have to wait until he finishes his training and saves up enough money to pay your fee—and that'll be in about three years' time!"

Geiger waved the explanations aside, asked for the precise location of the sick boy and flew him back without delay to Sion Hospital. It took doctors and nurses forty-eight hours of struggle to save his legs, which were frozen up to the knees. The boy has not completed his training yet; but both Geiger and the Aeroclub's treasurer are certain that one day the outstanding fee will arrive.

When Geiger first proposed to land an aircraft on a glacier, the authorities at Sion Airport said it was impossible. The only two pilots who had previously attempted landing in the Alps had given up after their first efforts.

Geiger persevered. He spent most of his spare time climbing all over the mountains. "I got to know the Alps as a taxi driver knows the streets of a city." He also studied the movements of chocards, Alpine birds which master high altitudes and glaciers with ease. He noticed that when a chocard wanted to land on a slope, it dropped well under the point at which it was to touch down, then flew up the slope to lose speed. Taking off, the birds moved downhill, gaining speed and rising quickly.

Imitating the birds, Geiger made his first landing on a glacier on May 10, 1952, taking off from Sion in darkness and arriving over the vast Kanderfirm Glacier soon after dawn. He switched the plane's skis into position, began to drop, then flew up the glacier slope and landed smoothly. He has repeated that landing some 3,500 times without a mishap.

As Geiger's fame as a glacier pilot spread, his assignments became more and more varied. He was asked to take a wealthy American aircraft manufacturer over the slopes of the Theodul so that he could wave to his wife—"She'll be wearing black slacks and a red jumper"—whom he had not seen for two months. He found himself besieged by requests from enthusiastic skiers who wanted to be flown to some remote peak. Geiger gladly agreed—he is a keen skier himself—but only if the spot of their choice was inaccessible by ski-lift or chair-lift. He refuses to compete with local transport.

Glacier landings are only part of Geiger's job. He also runs a one-man air-lift to supply Alpine huts with food, fuel and building materials. The Swiss Alpine Club has 140 mountain huts and shelters all over Switzerland which can otherwise be reached only on skis or mule back. In bad ground conditions or when avalanches occur, these means of transport become impossible.

He Invented Cargo Carrier

Geiger's problem was how to deliver packages of freight to the huts. The traditional method of parachuting parcels out of a high-flying plane is useless in the Alps, because the winds are strong enough to blow parachute and cargo on to an inaccessible ledge or into a deep crevasse.

Geiger decided to drop his cargo directly, flying slowly at a low altitude to make sure that the cargo did not overshoot the target. He invented a cylindrical container—made of strong canvas—which could open along the bottom when he pressed the release mechanism inside the aircraft. He had it mounted between the wheels of the plane. After some practice he was able to deposit large objects with precision on a snow surface only ten yards square.

He started his first job in the hard winter of 1950-51, delivering mail, food and building materials to the workmen building a dam on the Grande Dixence. All went well for a time. Then he had to take up, among other things, a small parcel measuring ten inches by two, containing 26,000 Swiss francs (about £2,100) in banknotes—the pay for a large party of workmen.

£2,000 Lost In Mountains

It was a warm, sunny December afternoon down in Sion, and melting snow may have got on the cargo container, because when Geiger rose it promptly froze in the cold air. Unaware of this, Geiger swooped down to fifteen feet above his discharge spot, tried to release the fastening—and failed. The container opened only halfway.

On his way back to Sion he felt a sudden vibration in the fuselage. The cargo container had at last opened and a number of small parcels were floating down, to vanish in an ocean of snow. Desperately, he circled over the spot for some time, trying to memorize it in every detail, then flew back to Sion.

He organized an expedition consisting of two police officers who were also expert mountaineers, the president of the Aeroclub and a few other volunteers. After four hours' ski-ing in abominable weather they reached the snowfield where the parcels had vanished, and began to search the drifts. When hope had almost vanished, a volunteer suddenly extracted a small, wet parcel from the deep snow. It was the money.

After that, Geiger contrived a foolproof automatic fastening device for his cargo container.

On a particularly bad day, when the snow

Continued on page 29

Fellow Passenger

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Cornelia lived there, and Cornelia was a peach, a honey, a darling. If I knew anything about women, she'd be a first-class burglar's mate

THE BIGGEST SPY-HUNT in Britain's history was on—and I was the quarry. I, Claudio Howard-Wolferstan, with my Latin-American complexion hidden by a turban and a false beard, was the man they were looking for. . . .

With a guitar, I was busking my way round the country—and bitterly regretting that I'd ever left Ecuador to find the family fortune. Before my father died he had told me that it was hidden in an attic chimney of the manor at Moreton Intrinseca. Unfortunately, I found on my arrival that the manor had been turned into a hostel for atomic scientists.

I broke in one night, but entered the wrong attic, and before I could get away my presence was detected. I tried to hide in the bedroom of a beautiful young metallurgist, Dr. Cornelia Ridgeway (the only romantic interlude in the whole ghastly business), but I was caught.

Nobody, unless it was Cornelia, believed my story. They all thought I was a spy. My escape from police custody caused a sensation. For weeks I maintained a hunted freedom, hoping for a chance to slip out of the country. I never thought that I would end here, in the Tower of London, facing a possible treason charge. . . .

As a busker I went under the name of Faiz Ullah, from the Spanish Indies. The songs I sang were in Quechua, a remote language I'd picked up in the High Andes. It was remote enough to interest an Oxford don, Thomas Rundel: scenting a nice philological mystery, he hired me to entertain a gathering of his scholarly friends at a London pub. I faced them without qualms until I saw that one was watching me intently—too intently. From the expressions on his face I guessed that he understood Quechua.

It seemed that the game was up, and I decided to make a bolt for it. Ending my programme, I slipped out into the passage; but the man followed, and on the landing he said, in Spanish: "You are Claudio, aren't you? Don't be afraid. I won't give you away."

FINAL INSTALMENT

Faiz Ullah Passes Out

I DID not answer him. I pretended not to understand. He said: "We haven't seen each other for twenty years, or you would remember me. Salvador Queiroz Ortego, at your service."

"Salvador!" I cried, and embraced him. "But how did you guess it was me?"

"Who else," he asked, "would have the effrontery to sing in such appalling Quechua? And what man of birth ever had such a convincing and completely vulgar style on the guitar?"

I dragged him into my room and embraced him again, with tears in my eyes.

"Your beard," he said, "smells of elephants. What admirable attention to detail! And how the devil did you manage to grow such a thing in seven weeks?"

I pulled it down and let it snap back again. I had not seen Salvador Queiroz since I was seventeen and he a precocious fifteen. We were never close friends, but he used to admire from a respectful distance my exciting reputation.

"What are you doing in London?" I asked.

"I? Honorary attaché at the embassy."

I was disappointed. There were a hundred Ecuadoreans of family who could be of more use to me. Salvador was a man of honour. It was unthinkable that he would connive at my escape.

"What do they believe about me?"

"My dearest friend, Communism! To those who know you, you are more likely to be a curate than a Communist. Claudio, what were you really doing at Moreton Intrinseca?"

"Trying to make some money."

That seemed to satisfy him, and after thinking things over for a moment he slapped me on the back and asked me if I had ever heard of a man called Harry Cole. I had not.

"You didn't know your father used to send him money through the consulate?"

We heard steps outside—undoubtedly Rundel or a waiter coming to see what was delaying me. After this precious moment of relaxation I could not recover myself. I looked at Salvador in panic. He was equal to the emergency. "Quick!" he whispered. "Lie down! You're drunk!"

It was Rundel. He found me collapsed on my bed with Salvador leaning over me. Salvador was magnificent. He introduced himself with true dignity, and in English that was worse than my Quechua: "Salvador Queiroz, honorary attaché to the Embassy of the Republic of Ecuador, and convited to your deener by His Excellency the Ambassador of Argentina."

"Yes, yes," said Rundel, impatiently. "I know. We met at the door."

"I go out to vash my 'ands. I hear a cry. The Filipino, 'e falls! I peek him up. Too much wine, not true? And so I put him to bed."

"I say, Faiz Ullah, I *am* sorry!" Rundel exclaimed. "I ought to have known you couldn't be in training for a show of this sort."

"Go back to your guests, old boy!" I said huskily. "Tell 'em truth! Too much hoshpihospitality. Just want to go to sleep."

That made, after all, a thoroughly artistic ending to the evening, and I think Rundel saw it. His stray Filipino, needing wine to give of his best, had collapsed under the strain. He went out, promising to return later. Salvador followed him, holding up a finger to me as a gesture that I had not heard the last of him.

I heard the noisy break-up of the dinner, and soon afterwards Rundel came to my room and paid me my five guineas and expenses. He invited me to call on him at his college or his Chipping Campden retreat whenever I felt like it.

Two notes were left downstairs for Faiz Ullah, one written in three outlandish scripts with a request that I would let the writer know if I could read any or all of them, and one just stating: *11.30 tomoro. Statue Pitapan.* It took me a few seconds to recognize Salvador's spelling of Peter Pan.

In the morning I left my guitar at the Three Feathers and tried to think myself into the part of a poor but honest Indian student. But I was continually uneasy in London streets. I could not meet or ignore the eyes of passing constables as casually as I wished.

I strolled up and down at a safe distance from Peter Pan, meditating the profound philosophies of the East. Salvador was, of course, a quarter of an hour late, and I added another ten minutes to be sure that he was not followed. We occupied two chairs under a plane tree in the open park where no one could overhear our conversation. At once I begged him to get me, somehow, without compromising himself, on a boat for South America. But it was as I feared. He could do nothing for me except to put me in touch with Harry Cole.

"But he's some damned police agent," I protested.

SALVADOR shook his head. "I do not think so. After your first escape, this Cole came round to the consulate and swore you were telling the truth when you said in court that you were treasure hunting. He would not explain and he wouldn't go to the police. He just said that if any of your friends knew where you were, he wanted to be taken to you. The clerk knew him. It is a fact that he received remittances from your father."

"And you didn't send him to the police?"

"We told him he ought to go to them, but it was none of our business to see that he did." Salvador looked at me and grinned. "But you yourself are our business, Claudio. You are one of us, whatever your passport says, and that is why I am helping you. Here is Cole's address!"

He handed me a scrap of paper. Harry Cole

She appeared at midnight, looking adorable. I called softly to her from the tree: "May I come down?"

kept an inn on the edge of the New Forest—I shall call it the Tracehorse—near Brockenhurst. I thanked him warmly, and he wished me luck. There was no more to be said, and we parted.

I was right to distrust London. When I returned to the Three Feathers to pick up my pack and guitar, I found that the police had been making inquiries about this enigmatic Faiz Ullah, who had registered as British.

"What did you tell them?" I asked the landlady.

"I told them, of course, you was one of Mr. Rundel's young gentlemen, and no more of a South Sea Islands rajah than what I am."

Astonishing how complexities suddenly straighten themselves out into a simple path of lunacy! "Well then," I said, "I suppose I'd better go home and wash the black off my face."

I took a train to Brockenhurst, guitar and all, and walked through the forest to the Tracehorse. It was a small free house of old red brick, set back from the road at the side of a green or clearing. Why my father had wanted to make a pensioner of Henry Cole, Licensed To Sell Beer, Wine, Spirits and Tobacco, I could not imagine.

It was just on six, and I waited outside until Harry Cole opened the door. He was a lightly built old man, weather-twisted like a thorn on

I gripped Cornelia's arm. "That sturdy Englishwoman over there," I said, "is sure we're South American millionaires"

high ground. I followed him into the bar, and he looked at me from behind it with a closed face—disapproving in principle of the presence of Asia in the New Forest. He thawed a little after he had seen me put down a double whisky, and asked what part of India I came from. I gave him my old line of being born in England to Indian parents.

"Playing in concerts?" he asked, nodding to the guitar.

"No, just for a living."

His small, bloodshot, brown eyes watched me from a mesh of wrinkles. My speech puzzled him, and he was trying to find out if I hadn't a more respectable purpose than merely playing for pennies. "You ain't played that for a living all your life," he said.

"No. But I've played it for fun. I learned it in Ecuador."

He didn't bat an eyelid. "Where's that?" he asked. "Coast of India, ain't it?"

A most heartening reply! He could not help knowing that Ecuador was in South America. His cautiousness could only mean that he was on his guard against questions.

"Mr. Cole, did you ever call at the consulate of Ecuador?"

"And what if I did?"

"Have you anything you'd like to tell me?"

"Not if you're a rozzer, I 'aven't."

"Suppose I was M.I.5?"

"Then I'd tell yer straight," he answered sturdily, "that ye're wastin' of me income tax chasin' after spies what isn't."

"But if you could clear Howard-Wolferstan, why don't you?"

"I'll clear 'im in me own time," he said. "And it's only 'im what I'll talk to and without any of you listening either. If you pick 'im up, you send for me."

"I have reason to suppose that Howard-Wolferstan is under your roof at this moment, Mr. Cole."

He got the implication at once. "Well, if he is," he said, "'e'd be better upstairs than in the bar."

He took a quick look at the innocent evening outside his porch, and then led me up to the first floor and unlocked a cheerless, dusty bedroom which had not been used for years. "Been an alone 'ere since the missus passed away," he said by way of apology. "Sleeps in the parlour, meself. Saves trouble like. You make yourself as comfortable as what you can," he said, "and keep the door locked, see? You and me, we'll 'ave a little talk after closing time."

He tried the window blinds and, finding that they still worked, told me that I could safely switch on the light after nightfall.

I threw my pack and guitar on the bed and dropped into a broken-springed armchair. Speculation was useless. I removed beard and turban and settled down to enjoy the country silence, pleasantly broken by an occasional rumble of deep country voices coming from the bar below.

Soon after eight there was a scratching at my door, and Cole announced himself in a throaty whisper. I did not bother to replace my oriental trappings. I was in his hands. He entered with a tray on which were a plate of ham, bread and cheese and a tankard of bitter. As I held the door open for him, he edged round me in a quarter-circle, staring.

"Cut yer beard, 'ave you?" he asked.

I tossed him the false one. I thought it would amuse him.

"Damme, that's just what your father would a done!" he exclaimed. "Forty-five year gone, and I remember that smile of 'is like as if it was yesterday. So you're the little Claudio, which 'e was that proud of! Well, 'ow time do pass for them as don't 'ave nothing agin it."

Somebody punched a bell down in the bar, and he silently vanished with an encouraging sideways throw of the head, as if to assure me that it would soon be ten o'clock and closing time.

EVENTUALLY I heard the formula: *Time, gentlemen, please!* and the reluctant steps on the road outside, the final shutting and bolting of the door and the clink of glasses being collected into the sink. A quarter of an hour later Harry Cole brought me down to his parlour. There was a comfortable fire in the grate and whisky was on the table. He poured out a couple of drinks and then he said, without preamble: "You're goin' to 'ave a shock."

I replied that I had had a fairish few in the last five months.

"Ah, but this 'un is different," he warned me. "Your name ain't Howard-Wolferstan. It's Tutty."

I received this announcement with regret, but equanimity. I had no intention of changing Howard-Wolferstan for Tutty. A man's name, after all, is that by which he is known. And I was singularly well known as Howard-Wolferstan.

"Now, what I got to say is this," he went on. "Your dad and I was—well, burglars. *You* know, 'ouse breakers. A mug's game, if you ask me. Still, it was better than workin' in a cheap jeweller's back room and losin' yer eyesight 'cos 'e wouldn't pay for the lightin', which was the trade we was apprenticed to.

"I'd been brought up honest. But yer dad was an orphan, and 'e'd been in one of them 'omes since 'e was five years old. That's where 'e got 'is lovely manners from."

Cole's attitude was one of warm and admiring sincerity. I could hear his love of my father coming through every burring vowel of his voice. It fired my own. Dear, joyous, respected Don Jaime, what a way he had come from so scandalous a beginning as Jim Tutty! I could see at last why he would never return to England even for a holiday.

Harry Cole and Jim Tutty got away with quite a number of small jobs—but then ambition had got the better of them. They'd decided to aim at a few big jobs rather than a lot of little ones. My father hit on the idea—not nearly such common practice then—of watching the society news in the papers, and they spotted that Their Serene Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Dettingen-zu-Langenschwalbach were due to stay with Sir Edward and Lady Lockinge at their place near Moreton Intrinseca. I saw the remains of this house — it was not the Manor — when I was prowling round the village.

WHEN the time came, they'd got into the house dressed as servants, and walked peacefully out again with Lady Lockinge's gold toilet set, her diamond tiara and necklace to match and a few odd rings. But they didn't get away with it—or at least Harry didn't. The police were alerted and they were intercepted before they'd got far from the house.

My father bolted and got clear, with the tiara, the necklace and the smaller articles of the gold toilet set in his capacious pockets. Harry was caught, in the grounds of Moreton Manor, nearby, with the suitcase they used to carry the heavier pieces.

Harry Cole got seven years, of which he served five and a half. When he came out, a solicitor's clerk met him at the prison gate and told him that his firm was acting on behalf of a Mr. Howard-Wolferstan, of Quito, Ecuador, who had instructed them to see that Mr. Harry Cole was comfortably settled.

"'Oward-Wolferstan, I says to meself, now where 'ave I 'eard that name before? And then I remembers it was the name of the bloke that was living at Moreton Manor where I was copped. Mentioned at me trial, it was. So I says to meself: Gawd, if that ain't just like Jim! 'Adn't time to get away with nothin' from 'Oward-Wolferstan, so 'e goes and pinches his name!"

Harry Cole received £100 then and there and a letter from my father offering anything up to £500 to set him up in business. The £500 had bought him the Tracehorse, where Harry had remained ever since, moderately prosperous and, till his wife died, very contented.

"'Course I always thought Jim 'ad got the stuff over to that there Ecuador and sold it safe," Cole said. "And it weren't till I read in the papers what you said to the beaks, that you was looking' in the 'ouse for family property, that I knew 'e hadn't. Then I sees it all as plain as if it were yesterday. Jim got into 'Oward-Wolferstan's 'ouse and stayed there doggo for we don't know 'ow long while the coppers was lookin' for 'im over 'alf the country. 'E 'id the stuff, meanin' to come back for it when 'e 'ad a chance. They was 'ot after 'im, so 'e must a said to 'isself: 'The game's up, Jim, unless you 'ops it off to somewheres where you ain't known.' And so 'e ups and 'ops it."

That my father had been a burglar was a mere accident of life which might happen to anyone, and I couldn't hold it against him. In fact I had never been so proud of him. It was enough to warm any son's heart to know that all the way from Ecuador, when it would have been so easy to forget or ignore, he had kept an eye on his less fortunate partner and financed him out of his resources, which had

Continued on page 34

Bill Walton captures the sound of it

by JOHN HARMAN

When producers demand "noises off," he supplies them. To add to his collection, he gropes in mines and chases fire engines. When one show flagged, he played recorded applause to boost the cast's morale

A PRODUCER'S IDEA that the noise of a firing squad, heard in the play *Montserrat,* should be made by firing backstage, resulted in Bill Walton, a sound-effects man, taking seven .303 rifles to a London theatre.

Helped by stagehands, he fired blank cartridges in the wings, the orchestra pit, under the stage and on gangways over the stage. But whatever position he tried, the illusion of shooting in the open air was ruined by echoes.

Finally, the producer despaired of getting a realistic effect, and Walton decided to make a recording of the shots being fired in a field.

"The record was more convincing than the live rifles," he says. "Unluckily, at one performance, the gramophone operator played another effect which was on the same disc. Instead of rifles, the audience heard galloping horses."

Thirty-two years old, restless and affable, with a sixteen-stone physique which has earned him the nickname "Bunter," Walton is the best-known sound-effects man in show business. Since he started his firm, Stagesound, shortly after the war, he has supplied effects for several thousand plays, operas and ballets. Usually his work is heard from across the footlights. Once, however, when a show was doing badly, the producer hired him to put loudspeakers at the back of the pit. "I played a record of applause. It urged the audience to clap and boosted the morale of the cast."

Farm Noises Helped Show

Records which he has made for non-theatrical occasions include farmyard noises, to give atmosphere to a dairy show; musical-box nursery rhymes to accompany the Blackpool illuminations; and sawing and hammering for "Santa Claus's Workshop" in a store.

His library of more than 60,000 effects, ranging from barrel organs to supersonic bangs, tom-toms and vacuum cleaners, is probably the most comprehensive outside the B.B.C.'s private collection. A producer who called at his office near Shaftesbury Avenue, London, and asked for the sound of milk bottles being delivered on a doorstep was offered seven different versions.

When another wanted a passing train, suitable for a certain small town in the U.S.A., Walton played a recording of the Santa Fé Special—which, he found from a timetable, went through the town—and added that he had many other expresses, American, British and Continental, in stock.

In his search for authentic noises, he has toured factories and coalmines, flown in airliners and chased fire engines. He prefers to get outdoor effects, such as tug sirens and trains, at night. Interruptions from birds or aircraft are fewer and sound travels better in the colder air.

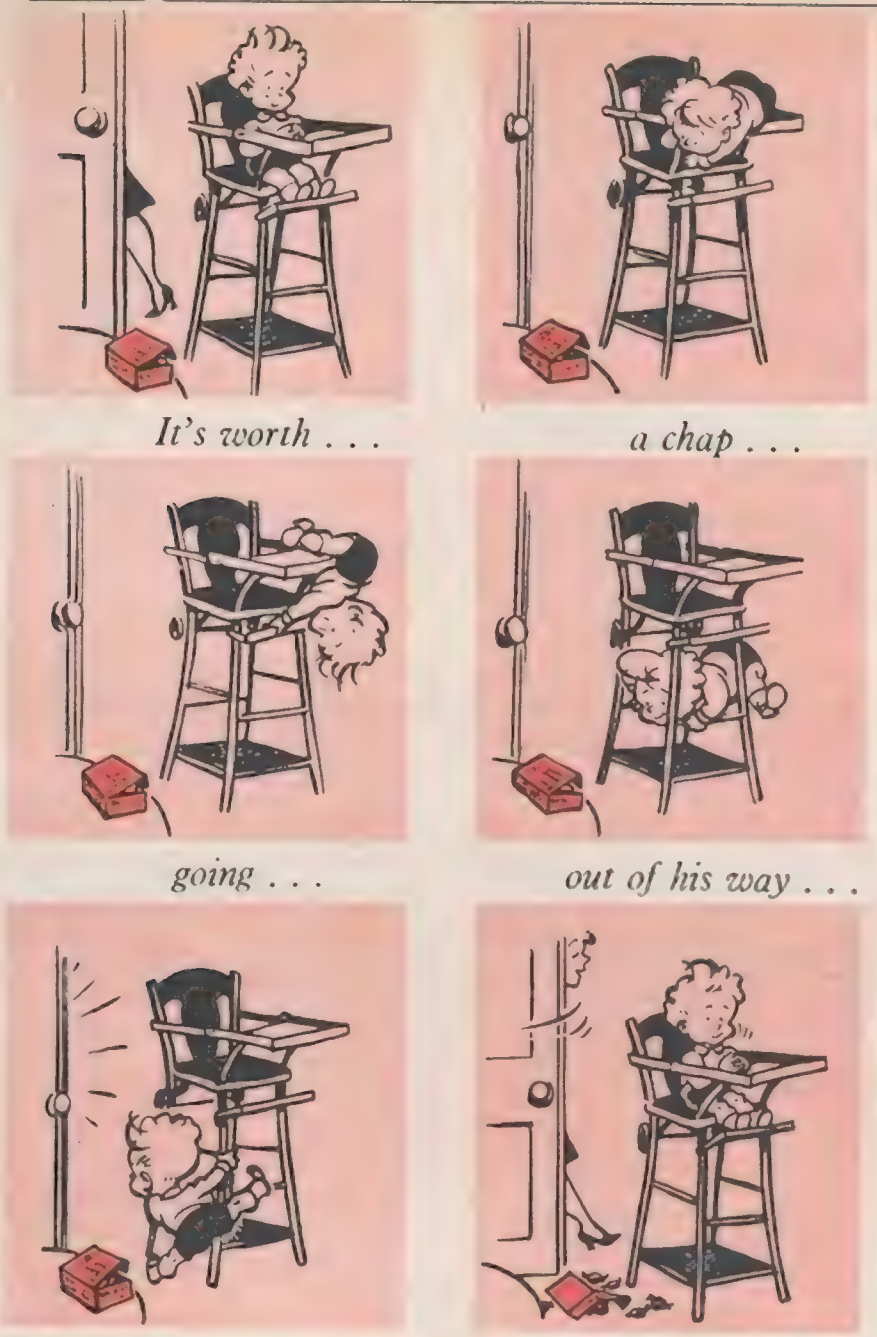
Wife Sank In Quicksand

The temperature was near freezing point on a beach in Cornwall where he went to obtain the noise of surf, which was needed as a background effect in a play. His wife, Judy, who was holding the microphone, sank up to her knees in quicksand—"fortunately, she did not spoil the record by shouting for help"—and his father-in-law, who was perched on a rock, holding a cable, was pulled into the water. Walton got soaked in rescuing them.

Animals are often difficult to record. Recently, when he was asked for "a band of horsemen halting raggedly," he spent a fruitless day at an artillery barracks. The horses were

An actress screams to give Walton a realistic effect. To make the sound of a paddle steamer he set two boys splashing at the kitchen sink

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON



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"Tell him I'm out"

so perfectly drilled that they halted in unison.

When he needed a cat's miaow for *A Streetcar Named Desire*, he went to a theatre where the caretaker had an elderly tabby which, she promised him, miaowed to order.

Crouching on the empty stage, holding a microphone to the animal's face, Walton tried every means he knew of persuading it to talk, but it stared at him blankly. After swallowing his gifts of fish, liver and milk without comment, it bit his finger, stalked off along the top of the footlights—and fell into the orchestra pit. "The cat was unharmed, but made the most indignant miaow I have heard. It was just what I wanted."

The only request for an animal sound which has defeated him was an order for a disc giving the impression of camels arriving at an oasis. He telephoned a zoo for permission to make a recording, and was told that camels rarely make a noise. He sent his client the braying of donkeys, and claims that no one noticed the deception.

Walton supplies his recordings on unbreakable metal discs and sells them outright. This avoids the trouble from damage which might arise if they went on loan. He charges £1 4s. for three minutes of effects, £1 18s. for eight minutes. Special commissions are extra—once he had to build a brick wall and push it over.

Occasionally he is given a script of effects which has to be timed with a stopwatch to fit the action of a play. A typical one involved the arrival of a car outside a house, followed by doors slamming, feet treading a gravel path and the ringing of a doorbell.

He removed the car's silencer at the recording session. "Sound effects have to be louder than life," he says. "The record was terrible if heard at close quarters, but it seemed quite natural when heard in the theatre."

Fight With Rulers

His hardest job of synchronization was done for a film company, who wanted a soundtrack for a sequence showing a pin-table in operation.

He hired a pin-table from a dance hall, but found that it was impossible to repeat the throws which appeared in the film. He solved the problem by recording the clicks, buzzes and other noises made. Then he separated them and pieced them together to match the film. The work, which took him a week, lasted barely a minute on the screen.

Vocal rôles are usually taken by professional actors, but the firm's staff of eleven have helped with effects needed at short notice. "Typists have sobbed hysterically, and a foreman has done a Persian minaret call," says Eric Turner, a co-director. "We staged a running fight with steel rulers to imitate a sword battle."

Care is taken to ensure accuracy in historical plays. A composite sound effect of a Roman slave galley, consisting of drums beating in time with the oars, chains clanking, whips cracking and shouted commands, was checked by museum authorities.

The sound of the oars was obtained by a technique known as "doubling up." Walton took a microphone to a boating pool and recorded a single pair of oars. "I made two records and played them simultaneously, thereby getting four oars," he says. "By repeating the process, I got eight oars, then sixteen—and so on, until I had more than a hundred."

It was less difficult to satisfy the order for "a paddle-steamer at full speed." He rounded up four small boys and stood two of them by a kitchen sink to splash water around. The third shook a tin of dried peas and the fourth bent a piece of wood to simulate creaking timbers.

Faked Train Crash

Walton, who was born at Upminster, Essex, wanted to enter the theatre on leaving school, but his father, a bank manager, persuaded him to take an engineering degree.

Prewar jobs as an electrician and sound-effects man convinced him that a market existed for effects which were tailor-made for each show. "Conventional noises like cars, seagulls and ships' sirens were available, but there was nothing specialized. To improvise a train crash in *The Ghost Train*, I had to put a garden roller on a pile of steel cylinders and kick the cylinders away."

Joining the army, Walton became, at the age of twenty, one of the youngest sergeants-major in the R.A.O.C. While supervising the maintenance of radar gear he visited gun sites in Kent and Sussex, and managed to make recordings of anti-aircraft barrages, which have since been used on TV.

At the end of the war, work as an electrician in the Central Pool of Artists (a War Office organization for sending shows to troops overseas) brought him into contact with many stars now his clients. "My business is run on a personal basis. I am known in the theatre as Bill. Few people have bothered to ask my surname."

He describes the main essential of his job as "walking about with one's ears open." On recording trips he listens for traffic noises, church bells and other sounds which can be added to his library. He has numerous records of church bells in stock, but has always found it hard to obtain a good reproduction of those of St. Paul's, owing to an echo from nearby buildings.

This difficulty was pointed out to Sir Laurence Olivier, who wanted the bells for a play, but he refused to be put off. He gave firm instructions to have "everything heard outside St. Paul's on a Sunday between 9 and 9.25 a.m."—the duration of a scene in the play.

Walton sent his recording van to the cathedral and twelve discs were cut.

The result did not please Sir Laurence. "All that could be heard," says Walton, "was a bird chirping and a taxi horn. The bells of St. Paul's are not rung between 9 and 9.25 a.m. on a Sunday." THE END

THE SNOW PLANE SWOOPS TO THE RESCUE

Continued from page 23

was eighteen feet deep in the high regions, and with avalanche danger in the air, he was on a cargo flight when he noticed a herd of chamois stranded on a mountain. They were practically up to their eyes in snow.

He marked the spot on his map and took a load of hay with him on his next flight. The animals watched the plane nervously and ducked as the hay came floating through the air: but when Geiger appeared for the second and third time with more fodder, they calmed down and started munching happily as soon as the bundle hit the snow.

Occasionally, Geiger acts as postman. At dawn one day he was summoned to deliver mail and newspapers to the mountain resort of Zermatt, which had been cut off from the valley overnight by an avalanche. Geiger collected the mailbags and fifteen minutes later dumped them in front of Zermatt post office in time for the first delivery —so that the inhabitants and visitors discovered from the morning papers that they were temporarily cut off from the rest of the world.

Intoxicating Odour

Whatever his cargo, Geiger takes immense care to land it smoothly on a well-padded snowfield, without breakage. He still feels annoyed about the two bottles of red wine that got smashed on a transport flight, filling his aircraft with a pleasantly intoxicating odour. He has often dropped crates full of china and glass without chipping a single teacup.

Recently, the president of the Swiss Aeroclub insisted on accompanying him on a routine flight, and enjoyed it immensely. His pleasure was spoilt after the trip, however, when Geiger told him that the cargo which he had dropped on to a glacier from a height of nine feet consisted of 350 pounds of dynamite.

Geiger, who detests cities and gets fidgety in crowded places, comes from a large family of nine brothers and four sisters. Apprenticed to a mechanic at fourteen, he joined a gliding club and spent every hard-earned penny and free hour he could afford on expert tuition and practice. Later, he got a job at a flying school at Berne and gradually worked his way to his final test. Flying Licence No. 1000 gave him a job with the Aeroclub at Sion.

When his wife gets nervous about his safety, he puts her in the back seat of the Piper, and flies to a restaurant on the top of a mountain near Sion for lunch. Then they spend an hour fishing in a mountain lake close by.

Changed Her Mind

Geiger still chuckles at the memory of the English girl whom he was asked to pick up in the region of Zermatt, where she had broken her leg on a ski-ing excursion. He located her promptly, loaded her into the plane and headed for Zermatt.

"Could you take me to Sion instead?" the girl asked. "I know you have a fine hospital there." Geiger agreed and changed his direction.

After a few minutes the girl had a new idea. "How about dropping me at Geneva? It's a big city and I have some friends there." Geiger looked at his fuel indicator: he could make Geneva easily. On the way the girl suddenly tapped him on the shoulder.

"If things are as easy as this, why don't you take me straight back to England?" she demanded. Regretfully, Geiger pointed out that he did not have enough fuel to last him all the way to London; furthermore, his passenger would have to clear the Swiss Customs at Geneva. He landed the girl at Geneva Airport, found her a vacant seat on a London-bound plane—and three hours and twenty minutes after breaking her leg in the Alps she was comfortably tucked up in a London hospital.

"Had she not changed her mind twice, we could have caught an earlier plane," says Geiger. THE END

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Right leg on 2-ft. stool; left leg straight. With hands clasped behind your head, touch your right leg with your right elbow five times. Now try it with your left leg and elbow for a change. Can't you feel your tummy disappearing?

STRAIGHT TIP:

There's always crispy, crunchy

RYVITA

makes you fit—keeps you slim

I SAID IT WITH MUSIC

Continued from page 19

some of the South African roads, we will certainly take it out there for you. But we will be equally happy to provide you with a car when you arrive. . . ."

In the end, I had to agree to go. It wouldn't be work; it would be a rest cruise with pay.

I had a wonderful trip. I won so much money at poker on the outward voyage that it became embarrassing. In the end, I took bottles of champagne and glasses down to the boys in the engine room to get rid of some of my profits. When we arrived in Africa, the promoters presented me with a shiny new Buick. And we played to packed houses from Johannesburg to Capetown.

The company I took included George Jackley, Beryl Orde, and a dancing act named Delfont and Toko. In the band was a young man named Cyril Stapleton, who played second violin and now conducts the B.B.C. Show Band.

Just before we left Africa, I had some trouble with one of my instrumentalists who also did a dance routine. I had to dismiss him. When we arrived back at Southampton, I was in a fix. We disembarked at six-thirty on a Monday morning, and that afternoon we were due to open with the show in London.

With no time to fill the vacancy properly, I asked Delfont, the dancer, if he would sit with the boys, pretend to play an instrument, and do a dance routine. He willingly agreed. Like many other artists I employed in the thirties, Delfont—Bernard Delfont, now a famous West End theatrical producer—has come a long way since.

For my show, I booked as supporting acts Tessie O'Shea for £35 a week, Fred Emney for £25, Jimmy James for £75, Eddie Gray for about £25, Tommy Trinder, Max Miller, Florence Desmond, Vic Oliver, and a host of others. When a comedy act dropped out of my show at the Holborn Empire one week, I replaced it, at the suggestion of Cissy Williams of General Theatres Corporation, with an act, unknown to me then, called Flanagan and Allen. I paid General Theatres £75 a week for them.

A Fateful Meeting

Another act which Cissy Williams recommended to me was a girl who has since greatly influenced the course of my life. At the time, she had made a name for herself on the radio and in the theatre and concert hall, playing the piano and the violin. Her name was Peggy Cochrane. She worked for me for one week in 1937 at the Holborn Empire. Through her agent I tried to persuade her to stay with the show, but she wanted more money on tour than I could afford.

On another occasion, I gave an audition to two boys calling themselves the Two Leslies. They convinced me they had a useful act, and I signed a contract for them to appear at the Finsbury Park Empire. A day or two later, Val Parnell, then booking manager to General Theatres, telephoned me.

"I see you have the Two Leslies in your bill," he said. "We don't want them."

"Look, Val," I said. "I must use my own judgment in these things. I intend keeping these two boys in the show. If I'm wrong, you needn't book it again."

"Well, Jack, it's on your head," Val said.

The Two Leslies, Leslie Sarony and Leslie Holmes, who sang and joked at the piano, developed from raw beginnings into one of the biggest attractions in the country.

Duggie Wakefield and his gang had one of the funniest acts I ever worked with. Duggie called himself and his boys the "Lads from Lancashire." They were the scruffiest lot of fellows I ever saw on a stage.

Once, in Liverpool, I bet Duggie a fiver that he and the gang would not dare to drive in my Rolls-Royce up to the front entrance of the Adelphi Hotel and join me in the cocktail bar for a drink—wearing their stage costumes. I put the car at their disposal.

Shocked The Flunkey

At the appointed hour, the Rolls slid impressively up to the Adelphi, a porter opened the door, and out fell the gang, looking their worst. On the top step, a shocked flunkey in velvet jacket and white stockings barred their way.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We've come for a drink in the cocktail bar," said Duggie, in his broadest accent.

The flunkey refused to let them in. Duggie argued with him and played him up until he threatened to throw the comedian down the steps. Just then, the rest of the gang slipped behind the flunkey and into the hotel. When he went after them, Duggie quietly followed, and won the bet. The flunkey, though enlightened, was not amused.

Conducting a show band in those days involved much more than beating time with a baton. The competition from other bands, like Jack Hylton's, was fierce, and it was not enough just to play a number. We had to provide stunts at the same time, which meant having anything from a live camel to a huge model ship on the stage.

Once, I took up a De Havilland Tiger Moth and, at a height of about two thousand feet, stood on a wing while a cameraman filmed me from another aircraft. This sequence provided a scenic background to a song about flying.

I had my share of narrow escapes on the stage. On one opening night at the Empire Theatre, Glasgow, a callboy very nearly killed me. While we gave our performance, he fiddled backstage with the levers controlling the drapes and scenery. One of the steel battens which stretch over the stage and to which scenery is normally attached was out of use and had no counterbalancing weights.

In the middle of a number, this batten whistled past my head and crashed on to the stage. People watching said it missed me by less than six inches. The band continued playing, and the stage manager had the batten removed. I discovered later that the callboy had pulled the lever, taking the brake off the batten, "to see what would happen."

Though I never had my clothes torn from my back by enthusiastic fans, fame did bring me an equally alarming experience. One morning, I received from a firm of solicitors a letter accusing me of breach of promise. "What do you intend to do in the matter?" it asked. "Unless our client gets

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satisfactory compensation we intend taking action. . . ."

I had never even heard of the girl. I asked my solicitor to reply to the nonsense.

A day or two later another letter came, saying that no mistake had been made. Mr. Payne was definitely the guilty party. The letter went on to give details of visits I was alleged to have made to the girl in Bournemouth, of drives we had taken together in my Rolls. Even my terrier was mentioned.

I began to feel very annoyed. My solicitor invited the girl and her mother to meet me at his office. They agreed. I recognized neither of them. The girl was about twenty-three.

"Now, then," my solicitor said affably, "surely you agree now that you and Mr. Payne have never met?"

The girl said stonily: "I refuse to answer that question."

"What the devil do you mean? The question is elementary. Do you or don't you know this man?"

The girl's mother spoke up. "Our solicitors have told us not to answer that question."

Sent Women Packing

My solicitor sent the two women packing, and wrote an angry letter to their advisers, threatening to put the case before the Law Society. Happily, we heard no more: publicity from that sort of lawsuit often does the innocent defendant no good at all, especially if he is a public entertainer. So many stupid people start to nod their heads and say: "Ah, yes, but there's no smoke without fire."

Wherever my band and I went, in the thirties, crowds gathered to see us —in the streets, at stations, at public and social functions. Sometimes, I longed to dodge the public eye and the even more prying eye of the press. Once, before going on holiday to France, I grew a moustache to hide my identity. My wife and I crossed the Channel and got as far as Lyons without being recognized.

In a cocktail bar at a hotel in Lyons I really felt relaxed and as carefree as a boy out of school. Then the waiter came up to me.

"Good evening, Mr. Payne," he said in English. "What will you have to drink?"

"Great Scott!" I shouted. "How do you know me?"

"I was working in the Midland at Manchester three weeks ago. I served you there."

By 1938, at the age of thirty-nine, I decided to retire from the footlights to a less demanding life as a producer of shows and an artists' agent. Apart from a reasonable bank balance, I had a country house, known as Warren Lodge, at East Burnham, my Rolls-Royce, a string of show jumpers and hunters, and various other manifestations of success. In my stage career I considered I had reached my zenith, always the right time to take one's final bow; ironically, in my private life, I had reached the point of utter failure.

For years, my hasty, romantic marriage had hung together on threads of pride. Doris and I appeared to the world as a happily married couple. We went everywhere together; in every newspaper picture she was smiling at my side. But it was hypocrisy.

The marriage had started to go awry as long ago as the late twenties when I joined the B.B.C. Doris must have felt that she was losing me to a career, and we began to have frequent quarrels about the length of time I spent away from home. The problem was partially solved when she decided to accompany me to the B.B.C. and be with me while I worked.

She continued the practice when I went on the stage. She insisted on attending business conferences with me. At theatre stage doors she signed the autograph books, too.

He Was Taken Aback

One night, at the Newcastle Empire, she said to me, halfway through the show: "Jack, don't you think it would be a nice idea if I went on the stage with you?"

I was a little taken aback, and I must have shown it in my expression and in my reply.

"Don't you think they ought to know you have a wife?" she said. "Perhaps you would prefer them to think you're a gay bachelor. Perhaps you would prefer me to be in London. . . ."

"It's not that at all. I just couldn't see an immediate place to fit you in the show. Give me a little time to think about it." I did not want a backstage row in the middle of the show; from experience, I knew how wearing it would be.

During the second half, I turned to the audience and said: "Now I have a surprise for you, ladies and gentlemen. My wife is backstage, and I would like you to meet her." I walked over to the wings, and led her to the centre of the stage. We chatted about the show, about Newcastle, about any trivial thing that entered my head, for about three or four minutes. Doris's appearance became almost a regular feature of the show after that.

Our marriage might have worked out if I had played a firmer rôle, if I had given more time and attention to the domestic life and less to show business; but I doubt it. After our romantic, secret courtship, we had no common ground; we were completely incompatible.

At Warren Lodge, we had innumerable fierce rows. One night an argument blew up and we shouted at each other across the dinner table. In the centre of the table stood a lamp. Suddenly, Doris picked it up to throw it at me. I snatched it from her.

The Final Parting

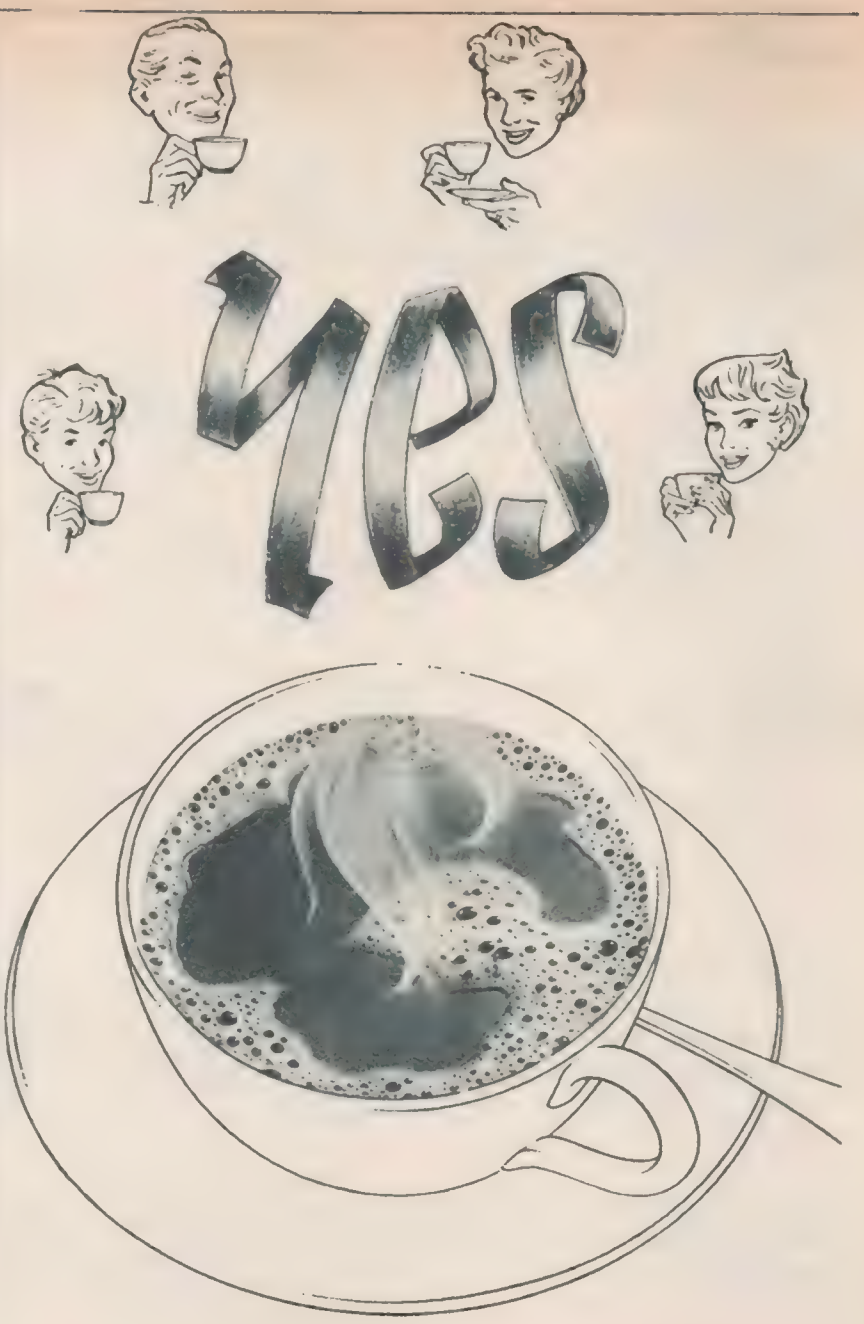
In the end, I decided it would be better for both of us if I went to live in a hotel. It would allow us to discover exactly what we did mean to each other, and it would certainly be less nerve-racking. I rented a suite at Grosvenor House, in Park Lane.

Doris and I met often in the evenings, but usually parted bickering. One night, in 1938, I arranged to meet her at the B.B.C.'s Maida Vale studio where I was to appear in a broadcast. Afterwards, I took her with some friends to the Café de Paris for dinner. We had not long sat at our table when the insults and criticisms started to fly between Doris and myself.

I could not bear another scene in front of my friends. "I'm sorry," I said, "but I am not staying here."

I walked out and went round the corner to my car. When I drove past the Café de Paris, I saw my wife leaving. I never saw her again.

NEXT WEEK: Jack Payne tells how he became showman and talent-spotter



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TRIUMPH FOR PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE DARK

Continued from page 15

Drake last heard of him he was about to take up home teaching for the blind.

As a rule, Drake finds single women more difficult to rehabilitate than men; they often feel they have lost their chance of marriage. One girl, who had been blinded by a flying bomb, and whose hair had been cut off in the treatment of her injuries, was very despondent when she arrived. For a month, she did nothing but lie on a settee. She stayed nine months and eventually became bright and gay.

"She had a perm just before she left, and that seemed to restore her morale completely," says Drake. "She went to work in a factory and married a man who worked on the next bench. They came to Torquay for their honeymoon and visited me."

The degree of independence which Drake expects from his residents is not easily won. "They have to persevere," he says. "A few days ago a couple of men went out together to find the barber's shop. It should have taken half an hour, but they came back two hours later, unsuccessful. They went out again the three following evenings until they did find it."

Fell Into The Sea

At other times, following his policy of self-reliance leads them into adventure. One man walked right into the town and went on the pier. Following the railing, he decided to lean against it and sun himself for a few minutes. He leaned backwards just at a spot where there was no railing and fell into the sea. He was quickly rescued and no worse off for it.

Drake says that blind people have a strong sense of fun and enjoy recounting their adventures to each other. One popular anecdote concerns himself.

He was downstairs in his sitting-room late at night when he heard a stealthy movement. He went into the darkened hall and called "Who's there?" but received no answer. The movements continued and he heard someone coming towards him. "Who's there?" he asked again. Still there was no reply, but by this time Drake had located the intruder and hurled himself on him. It turned out to be a resident who normally wore a hearing aid.

Tom Drake was born in Castleford, Yorkshire, and was educated at the local grammar school. At twenty, he was working in Scarborough when he lost his sight and was obliged to return home. There he encountered what he calls now one of the blind's greatest problems—a family too helpful and considerate.

"I tried to help in the house," he says. "But mother didn't understand. She could do things so much better than I. She packed me off to a quiet corner to listen to the radio."

Worked At Baker's

Drake says he was rescued from the scrap heap by a visit to some cousins who had a baker's shop. Having decided that he would be happier working, they gave him tins to grease; later he had the job of scrubbing tables and floors.

The stay with his cousins made Drake realize that his life was going to be what he made it. He went to the physiotherapy school of the Royal National Institute for the Blind. After qualifying, he spent three years working in Yorkshire hospitals, and then borrowed money to buy his own practice in Liverpool. It was successful and by 1940 he had paid off the loan. In 1941, his clinic was destroyed by enemy action. All he had worked for had gone. A few months later he obtained his post at Torquay. For his work there he was awarded the M.B.E. in the Coronation Honours list.

"My own experience has made me realize that the blind man's greatest enemies are dependence and patronage," says Drake.

Even now he can be annoyed by the thoughtless attitude of some people. Not long ago, he and his wife were invited out to tea. "When she was pouring out, the hostess turned to my wife and asked, 'Does he take sugar?' Some people think that because you are blind you are deaf, dumb and stupid as well."

At the Manor House, the older residents like to help newcomers, but Drake discourages it, believing that the sooner they learn to help themselves the better.

"When some men come here I find that they have even been allowing their wives to shave them," he says. "Others let their wives take over control of the money. During their course here, I try to impress on them that they must hang on to every bit of responsibility. Blind or not, they have to be gaffer in their own house."

Towards the end of the course, Drake has to decide what work each blind person is fitted for. To do this, he has to take into account previous education, intelligence, age, character, general health, and whether or not the person is prepared to go to the area in which a job can be found. People who Drake thinks have done well at the Manor House may be sent for further training to government centres or schools run by the Royal National Institute for the Blind. The younger and more intelligent may do physiotherapy; others may do shorthand-typing, telephony, or go into industry as capstan lathe operators, or to the assembly benches.

When Eddie Astin went home after three months at the Manor House, he was a new man. Drake had warned him that it would take a long time for him to reach a high enough braille reading speed to qualify for the shorthand typing school of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, which Astin was determined to do. For months, he had difficulty in concentrating because his remaining eye gave him constant pain.

A Job Is Waiting

"In the end, I decided to have it taken out," says Astin. When this had been done, he was able to work more easily. In August, 1954, two years after leaving the Manor House, he was admitted to the shorthand typing school.

He has done well there and looks forward to completing his course in July. Back home in Yorkshire, a job with his old firm is waiting for him. Once more, he and his wife are making plans for a house of their own in Brighouse, near his work. THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MRS. MILD was the licensee of the Crown, a popular public house. Next to the building was a covered yard which was part of the premises; over its entrance was the sign of the Crown and a notice saying "Covered yard and garage."

Mrs. Mild did not charge a parking fee for the use of this yard, and there was no attendant to keep an eye on vehicles left there. The Crown's patrons parked their cars and bicycles in it.

One evening, as was his custom, John put his motor-powered bicycle in the yard, and spent some of the evening in the Crown with friends. While he was there, a thief stole his bicycle; it was never recovered.

John sued Mrs. Mild, claiming that she had provided the yard for the convenience of her patrons. "She put it in a fit state for parking, and the sign at the entrance was a clear invitation to use the yard for that purpose," John told the judge in court. "In these circumstances, Mrs. Mild was under a duty to take care that any vehicle parked in the yard was not stolen. She should have taken more precautions than she did."

"I don't agree that I had any responsibility for John's bicycle," replied Mrs. Mild. "I keep the yard purely for the convenience of my patrons; they can choose whether to leave their vehicles in it or not. If John's bicycle had been stolen from the street, I should not be liable—therefore why should I be expected to take more care when I do something to help people? In any case, I didn't even know the bicycle was in the yard."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 34

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FELLOW PASSENGER

Continued from page 26

been meagre enough during his first years in South America.

"Did yer find it?" Harry asked.

I told him that I had not: that I had been in too much of a hurry. And I could see where I had gone wrong. Now that I knew what there was in Moreton Intrinseca Manor, and how it had got there, I was sure that my father had gone up to the attic floor by a staircase which had been perfectly obvious before the Ministry cut off the nunnery wing, and which I, of course, never discovered.

"I've a mind to have another shot at it," I said.

Harry Cole was dismayed. "You take my advice and don't go near the place for another twenty year," he said. "When all they scientists 'ave run off to the Russians or been 'ung by the rest of us, then you'll 'ave a nice little bit for yer old age."

"Suppose it was a private house," I asked him, "and you were after valuables which you knew would never be missed, how would you set about it?"

"Well, in Jim's time, I reckon 'e'd 'ave made love to the cook or the 'ouse-parlourmaid."

I must admit, while apologizing to her and to myself, that this remark at once suggested Dr. Cornelia.

HARRY COLE and I arranged that I should stay at the Tracehorse for a couple of weeks, by which time my own beard would be square, black and magnificent enough for the sensitive face of Howard-Wolferstan to be undetectable beneath it.

It was a fortnight of appalling boredom, but I had to put up with it. I spent a couple of days exploring Southampton, and proved to my satisfaction that it would be reasonably simple to stow myself away in a ship. But what was I to do when discovered at sea? Any stowaway of my build and complexion, however bearded, would be presumed to be Howard-Wolferstan till he could prove he was not.

No, the game was to buy a false passport or somehow bribe my way out of the country when Lady Lockinge's diamonds had put me in funds. For that, I needed Dr. Cornelia. Accordingly, I wrote her a letter. It was a masterpiece. And it was in all essentials true, for my imagination had constructed a creature whom I could adore with sincerity. She had an astonishing fascination for me

Was there a chance that she would hand my letter and me over to the police? I debated it back and forth and decided to gamble on my experience of women. Quite certainly she had doubts of my guilt. Sure of herself and flattered, she would give me the benefit of that doubt and listen to what I had to say.

"To see you once again before I leave England for ever," I wrote anonymously—though the rest of the letter made it clear who the writer was, "I am ready to risk my liberty. I need your faith so badly, and I beg you to let me explain. At midnight of October 15th I shall be under the tall chestnut which overhangs the wall on the north side of the garden."

I recognized that Cornelia was far too intelligent to be swept off her feet by the most pathetic and passionate letter that even I could write; but I knew enough of her tastes to be sure that she would go half way to meet an adventure which promised to be exciting. I was prepared to bet she would not be able to remain in her room when she was desperately curious to know whether her admirer had really come to so dangerous an assignation or not.

On the night of the fourteenth I said goodbye to Harry Cole, and slipped away before dawn on the fifteenth. I spent the morning in Southampton and very reluctantly sold my guitar for £15, which was half what the beauty was worth.

With the money, I bought new shoes, a suitcase and a duffel coat. In a pawnbroker's window I saw a second-hand gun case, very worn and battered but of expensive leather. That. too, I bought. It was a badge of respectability. I was a man of character travelling to or from a weekend's shooting with a friend, and so I could not be Howard-Wolferstan.

I took a train to Saxminster, left my bags at the station and, with dusk falling, went straight for my objective by lanes and footpaths.

When I arrived, I walked past the gate of the manor, hoping that I could slip through and disappear among the trees, but the porter was still on duty.

The brick wall had been topped with an extra two feet of barbed wire, making about four in all. I followed the wall very cautiously through the fields, and not a foothold or a loose brick could I find. But at last I came up against a solid roll of wire thrown down and forgotten at the point where the new wiring had been completed. I stood this against the wall, covered it with a double thickness of my duffel coat and climbed up.

Climbing over the wire, I dropped into the grounds of the manor. I sucked and bandaged with my handkerchief a wrist upon which the Ministry of Supply had scored its only triumph, and tiptoed over the dead leaves.

It was now a little after eleven. There were lights in the upper storeys and a few on the ground floor.

I slipped silently through a stable courtyard and then over the lawns on the north side of the house. It was very dark, and until I came up against a complicated rose pergola which I recognized, I was by no means sure where I was. After that it was fairly easy to find the chestnut from which I had first descended upon these servants of Apollyon.

The string which I had tied to a twig was still there. I pulled it, and down came my rope. In a moment I was safe above ground, with the rope coiled up in its fork. If Cornelia brought Horace, Peter or a dozen policemen with her, I could crawl out along the branch which overhung the wall, drop into the field and be away before any of them could get a ladder or run around by the gate.

About midnight I heard two light footsteps on the leaves and then silence. I could not see a thing, and I kept perfectly still.

A moment later, that intolerable man, Peter, passed beneath my tree with his great blunderbuss holster bumping against his leg, and shone his torch on the wire. I do not know whether he had heard me in the garden or whether this was the dutiful round of once a week. I am inclined to think it was the latter. He looked too important for a man who suspected trouble.

THEN, a little later, Cornelia appeared without making a sound. Looking down on her, I seemed to see a slight movement of exasperation at finding no one to meet her.

"You are infinitely kind," I said softly.

She jumped, and retorted sharply, "No!"

"May I come down?"

"It's merely," she said, "that I don't like injustice."

"If *you* believe in me . . ." I began.

"I have no opinion whatever. I am going by what Sir Alexander said."

This was magnificent. The tone of annoyance with herself was exactly

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 32 the judge said that Mrs. Mild had a duty to protect her patrons from defects or dangers on the premises of the Crown. But as a public house landlord she was not responsible for the activities of a thief in the yard. And although the yard was for the convenience of her patrons, she had not accepted custody of the bicycle. She did not know it was there, so she was not liable. John lost his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"I certainly didn't think it would call for a thorough examination like this"

right. I told her that I was going to drop a rope.

I had only seen her clearly once before—in court—and I was delighted to find her as beautiful as I remembered her. She was what the English describe as a pocket Venus. To modern taste she was far more alluring than any Venus. Where slimness was required, she was tense and delicate; where it was not, she was in the full flower of the late twenties. That such an anemone of a woman should be a doctor of science, with metallurgy as her special subject, was astonishing.

She stared at my beard as if it were something which had grown unexpectedly in a sterilized test tube. "I don't wonder they never caught you," she said. "Only your voice is the same."

I apologized for appearing in her presence with so much hair, and explained that it was my only hope.

"It looks clean," she replied remotely.

"I only left Southampton this morning."

"Have you found a ship?"

"Possibly, but I don't want to go."

She refused to see the implication. I was silent, and did not help her.

"Well, what *have* you to tell me?" she asked. "Please be quick. It's not too safe. The security officer. . . ."

Her assurance failed her. Both of us, of course, were remembering simultaneously that I had been mistaken for the detestable Peter.

"He has gone past," I said, "playing Indians. But if you want to listen to my story, I daresay we should be safer the other side of the wall."

"Will you give me your word of honour that you are not a Communist or a spy?" she asked.

"Yes. What I said about myself in court was all true."

She laughed deliciously. "You seem to go in and out of here very easily," she said.

I climbed up the rope and pulled her into the chestnut after me. Then I made fast the rope to the branch which overhung the wall, and we slid down into the field. Crawling along the branch was not everybody's meat, but she did it without flinching.

I remembered from my former visit that there had been the remains of a haystack about a hundred yards out from the wall. It was still there, but now rebuilt of this year's grass. Under a tarpaulin was a dry patch. We sat there together, and I gave her a brief outline of the whole affair.

"So you, too, were just a burglar?" she asked when I'd finished.

The tone of her voice suggested disappointment rather than contempt. I protested. I told her that my past had been adventurous but blameless. So far as I knew I was merely recovering family property. I had not the slightest idea that my father's title to it was dubious.

"But did you find it?" she asked.

"No. I'm pretty sure that I went to the wrong chimney."

"And so you want me to help you to get in and search the right one?"

"I never dreamed of it," I declared passionately.

"But the risk! Alone! You mustn't do it."

"Are they still ghost hunting in the attics?"

"No," she laughed. "They decided it was you all along."

That gave me a wonderful opening. "It was," I said. "Twice I was only waiting to see you again."

"I don't know whether that makes your behaviour better or worse," she replied. "And I must go now."

She had flaring nostrils which appeared to be completely uncontrollable. The adorable child! She was as conscious as I of our accidental and unfinished symphony. I kissed her.

"Claudio, darling," she murmured, "shouldn't you give this stuff back to the heirs of the Lockinges?"

I smiled. "I should," I admitted. "But if they are as poor as the rest of us, think how they would hate to repay the insurance!"

"And won't it be hard for you, if you take it, to prove that it was ever there?"

"My idea was," I said, "that we should leave just enough up the chimney to back up Harry Cole's story."

"We?" she asked.

Cornelia intoxicated me. I don't know how the damned atomic station ever got any work done at all with her popping in and out of laboratories.

"Angel," she said, after a delightful interval, "have you realized that in a quarter of an hour I can come back to you with whatever your father left?"

"I haven't given it a thought," I

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answered truthfully. "And so long as you do come back to me, I don't care."

I meant it. . . An hour earlier I had realized to perfection what Cornelia could do for me. But whenever I touched her nothing but Cornelia existed.

"Where am I to look?"

"Is there a staircase to the attics from your wing?"

"Of course there is."

"Then go up the stairs and turn to the right at the top. Look in the chimney of the third attic on the right."

We returned to the wall and the overhanging branch. I swarmed up the rope and pulled Cornelia up after me. Then she slid down into the manor garden. "Wait for me in the tree," she said, as I prepared to follow. "Don't ruin it all now!"

She returned in less than a quarter of an hour, carrying a large shopping bag of basketwork.

"It was still there," she whispered excitedly. "Claudio, how marvellous!"

I slid down to her side. Her eyes were dancing with intelligence and triumph. "This is what I have brought you to be going on with," she said. She held open the bag. In it were two small round jars, a powder box and a small jewel case, which appeared to be of solid gold.

"And the rest?" I asked.

"There were some rings. I left those and the bag in the chimney. It had nearly rotted away. The collar and the tiara I'm not going to give you yet. You're in an impossible mood, and suppose you were caught!"

The little love! In all my experience I had never met such an exquisite mixture. I would have asked her to marry me on the spot, if I had not feared that she might suspect a sordid motive. A house in Quito was the right background for her.

"I shan't be caught now," I told her. "All I've got to do is sell these pieces in London and the rest will be easy—comparatively, at any rate."

She said, a little breathlessly: "When you have sold them, would we be quite mad to meet in London? I want to see what you're like in your true setting. I want you to dance with me. Give me the evening that you would have done six months ago. White tie and tails."

I said I would dare anything to meet her anywhere, and that, properly managed, I did not think our meeting in London would involve any risk at all.

"Wednesday night then," she suggested. "And if you can, telephone me on Tuesday where to meet you. But don't take a risk, Claudio! You're being foolish now. Do you realize it will be daylight in three hours?"

That startled me. I could not afford to be seen walking the roads, especially in that neighbourhood, at an hour when anyone but a farm labourer would arouse curiosity. After a farewell which recaptured for me the sweet desperation of partings at the age of seventeen, I vanished into the tree.

I dropped down outside the manor, made a half circuit of the wall, and put back the roll of wire where I found it. The shopping bag clinked as I walked. I packed Lady Lockinge's dressing-table set in fronds of bracken and laid on top a number of plants pulled up by the roots from a hedgerow. They would pass—unless some amateur botanist looked at them too closely—as a gift from a friend's garden to my own.

I covered half the distance to Saxminster at a good round pace, and then took refuge in a clump of willows growing beside a stream. I rested there, dreaming of Cornelia, constructing an indefinite future for myself on the proceeds of the diamonds in which her part was still more indefinite.

I watched the sun rise, but remained where I was, visited only by some squelching heifers, until bearded gentlemen in duffel coats might reasonably be seen about their business.

Soon after nine I made my way by field paths and tracks to the outskirts of Saxminster and the station. Full confidence at once returned when I had

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 38.

BORN:
A. Forty-seven years ago in Keston, Kent, son of a London tea merchant.
B. Fifty years ago in London, son of a stockbroker.

FIRST JOB:
C. A preparatory school teacher.
D. A herald for *Henry V.*

HAS SAID:
E. "You do best the thing you love most."
F. "It would be a mistake for me to play *Hamlet.*"

FAMOUS FOR:
G. His continual binding.
H. High comedy and deep tragedy.

picked up my bag and gun-case. That precious badge of social standing demanded that I should live up to it by taking a first-class ticket on the London train. I did so—though the extravagance reduced my capital to £2—and settled down in a corner seat to sleep.

From Paddington I took a taxi to a small West End hotel which had the double advantage of an excellent address and of guests so notoriously antique that it was unlikely I should meet anyone I knew. When I registered I chose to name myself the Hon. Peter Bowshot St. John Godolphin. He was an old schoolfellow and intimate of mine, whom I had rediscovered in South America in a primitive little paradise of his own making, half-way down the eastern slopes of the Andes. If ever a man were completely lost to sight, he was.

I had had no breakfast and little supper, so morale was low, but after a very edible lunch and some tentative exploration of the wine list, I was ready for the test. Locking the remainder of my valuables in my suitcase, I took one of the gold jars and went round to a respectable pawnbroker in the Strand—the sort of place which a thief would avoid, and a salaried man, unused to pawnbrokers, would hope to find fatherly and understanding.

I was very manly, gruff and embarrassed. I told the fellow some yarn to the effect that I should certainly redeem the pledge in two days' time, and meanwhile wanted all I could get on it. He spent some time in the back of the shop, telling me he had to satisfy himself that the article was solid gold. Possibly he was looking up the list of missing valuables and telephoning the police and my hotel. I tried to feel patient and look confident. The risk had to be taken. Eventually he came back and offered me £40. I ran him up to fifty-five.

Now came my metamorphosis into a more solid citizen. I had no time for a tailor, so did the best I could with ready-mades. My aim was to appear as Peter Godolphin might—if he had just turned up from foreign parts and bought himself linen, shoes, a discreet tweed suit, bowler hat and umbrella to be going on with.

That was enough for the day, and there was not much left of the £55 by the time I had chosen my restaurant

and dined. I spent ten well-deserved hours in bed, dreaming of Cornelia so long as I was awake and of nothing at all when I slept.

My temporary borrowing of Peter Godolphin's name was not wholly due to his retiring nature. When we were both about nineteen, Peter had restored his damaged fortunes by having his grandmother's rope of pearls perfectly matched in artificial pearls, and selling the original. He had even supplied himself with a letter of authorization into which the buyer did not inquire too closely. That was the shop I needed. It specialized in the disposal of aristocratic valuables. The proprietor was not dishonest—but he was so determined to preserve a reputation for extreme discretion that he never asked enough questions.

After refreshing my memory of Peter's relations from Debrett, I packed in tissue paper the jewel case, the powder box and the remaining jar, and took them round to their new home. After I had mysteriously mentioned a certain rope of pearls, the proprietor fell on my neck, apologizing profusely for not recognizing me under so much sun-tan and such a beard. Sherry was produced in the office, dark-panelled and smelling of silver.

I got £600 from him. He showed some fatherly disapproval when I said I would prefer cash to a cheque, but the request was not unfamiliar to him. I promised to return the following week to allow him to inspect a diamond tiara and necklace which had been left to me by a second cousin.

With all this money in hand and the value of the diamonds to come, winter caused me no more anxiety. I could retire to the country under any name which pleased me and begin cautious negotiations for a false passport. But the sooner I was out of London, the better. Though Peter Godolphin enjoyed it, he felt no safer than Faiz Ullah.

There could be no moving, however, until Cornelia's party was over. On the Tuesday, our menu chosen and our table booked, I telephoned her. She sounded overjoyed to hear that I had safely disposed of my father's property and that I was safe. She told me that she would stay at the Westminster Palace Hotel, but that I was not to call for her there. She insisted that she would meet me in the lounge of Claridge's at eight.

The Westminster Palace would not have been my choice for her; but after all she had only the pay of a scientist, and it was cheap, comfortable and handy. My instinct was strongly against it. I suspected that the Westminster Palace was just the place which would appeal to criminals in their brief period of prosperity between one gaol sentence and the next. However, I had to go there.

On Wednesday afternoon I moved over to the Westminster Palace. I did not use the name of Peter Bowshot St. John Godolphin or carry my gun-case. I became William Winthrop of Birmingham, by profession foreign representative, which seemed likely to me to be more in the general run of such a hotel's clientele.

It was not the right hour to reveal to Cornelia my presence under the same roof so I changed at leisure and went over to Claridge's. A little after eight she irradiated the entrance to the lounge. That was why she had not wanted me to call for her! That was why she had demanded a white tie—Lady Lockinge's tiara crowned her dark brown hair, and Lady Lockinge's diamond necklace hung lightly from her neck.

Europe stared at her, and whispered that she was of course American. America goggled, and guessed that she was foreign royalty. Her dress was of silk, not, I think, outrageously expensive. The fur cape, however, which was slipped slightly back from her shoulders to reveal the necklace, must have made every woman feel that here was luxury beyond even the reach of film stars. Where she got it from I never knew and could not ask.

I rose to meet her. She passed unconcernedly across the lounge with just

Smile, please!
Isn't she irritable?
Do stop FIDGETING, Johnny!
And Joan told us Miss Korak was the best child photographer here!
3 WEEKS LATER
They've eventually arrived! But they're not worth six guineas—not sixpence—
All right, Mr. Johnson, I won't charge you
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Doctor—you say there's nothing wrong with me! I know there is—I feel so tired!
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SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
SOME TIME LATER
Spends all her spare time bicycling over the countryside, taking pictures of the kids
Such patience, she's got!
Again, again!
No tiredness now—thanks to Horlicks!
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101 CHILD STUDIES
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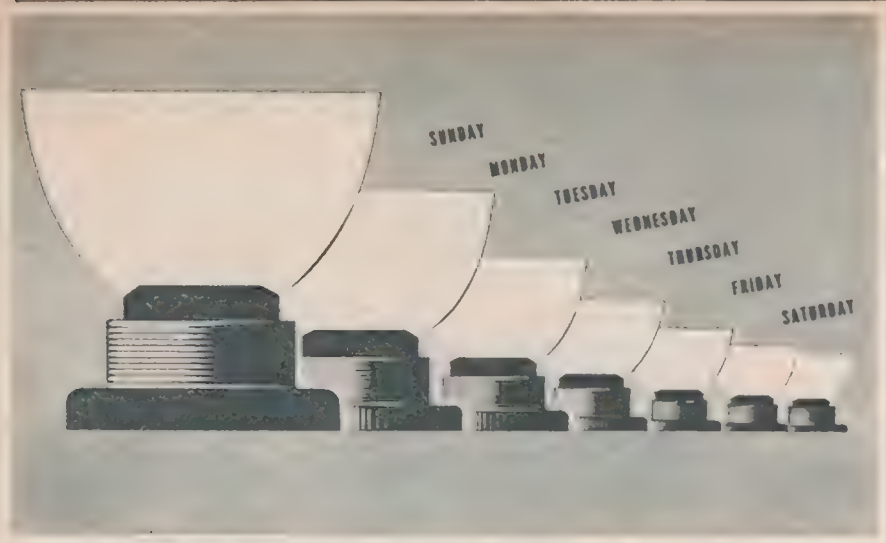
HORLICKS



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the right mixture of modesty and of delight in her own appearance.

"I couldn't resist it," she said. "It's unfair to ask a woman to handle such things and not wear them once."

"Wear them always," I begged her.

She accepted this politeness with a smile which I could translate as I liked.

"What on earth do you suppose they think we are?" she asked.

"The sturdy Englishwoman to your left," I told her, "is quite sure we are South American millionaires."

She looked a little alarmed at the mention of South America. She certainly could not afford to be caught hobnobbing with a spy, while covered with unaccountable diamonds.

"My darling," I assured her, "is it conceivable that the traitor Howard-Wolferstan, whom everyone knows to be on the run, could possibly be in Claridge's accompanied by such a woman as you?"

We dined, and went on elsewhere to dance. The question of where I was staying came up, and she made no comment upon my choice.

I had just enough sense left to see that it would be wiser, in case of accidents, not to enter the hotel together; so I dropped her outside the door and myself turned up ten minutes later. Her room was two floors above my own. I put on my dressing-gown and negotiated the stairs and passages with caution, having an instinctive feeling that a hotel with so mixed a complement of guests might be ultra-careful of respectability.

I was quite right. The shoes which the occupants of her floor had put out for cleaning were all female.

I didn't like the risk I was taking, but I had to take it. My future was to be built on the jewels, after all, and there must be no slip-ups, no possibility of other eyes observing the transaction.

I slipped in through her door. She must have been expecting me, and at once she was in my arms. She was as enchanting as ever, but I dared not stay and, after a few delicious minutes, all innocently I asked the dark head on my shoulder: "When do I see you again?"

"My darling, be sensible!" she answered. "It's you we have to think of—how you are to escape and where you will be."

I said that I thanked God for my father, my arrest and my danger because all of them had led me to her.

CORNELIA'S response was touching. She gazed up at me and asked, in an uncertain voice, "Do you really love me, Claudio?"

I answered her incoherently.

"And would you be miserable if I married Horace?"

Horace! I had never given him a thought. All I knew was that he was tactless, stolid and that her door at Moreton had been left open for him to continue some talk or other.

"You can't!" I protested.

"He'll make a very good husband for me. He is a brilliant scientist and very lonely and he needs me."

"I shall go mad with jealousy," I cried, for some dramatic gesture was essential.

"Darling," she answered, lifting the diamonds to my lips as if she wished me to leave a permanent kiss upon them, "I shall be with you every time I touch your present to me."

I was shocked and shattered, seeing in a flash my future vanishing. Was it conceivable that she had not known I was offering a mere civility when I told her to wear the diamonds always? However, for a descendant of Jim Tutty and of Spain there could be but one answer:

"That's all I ask of it," I said.

I suppose the tone of my reply was more or less what she wanted, and yet she vanished under her hair and showed unaccountable emotion. I held her close. I could not tell what was going on in myself, let alone in her and in a few moments I had to leave her. It was already too late to be roaming the corridors of the Westminster Palace Hotel.

I managed to get clear of her floor without being spotted, but on the floor below, I met an officious individual who politely barred my way.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "Are you looking for your room?"

I answered that it was No. 117, and showed him the key. He accompanied me, making remarks about the weather. Evidently he was a sort of house detective. I explained that I had gone up a floor because I could not find the lavatory on my own. Weak, of course—but the excuse would have been accepted in a hotel less accustomed to questionable guests.

Outside my door, he asked: "You are Mr. . . . ?"

"Winthrop."

He drew a list from his pocket and checked the name. "If I might see your business card?" he suggested.

"I don't think I have one with me."

HE followed me right into my room. "A letter will do," he said. "Anything just to establish that you are Mr. Winthrop, sir."

The sleek, smooth little Westminster Palace floorwalker! Damn him, I had not a chance of getting away with any bluff at all.

"I'm sorry," I said. "This was a most unexpected visit and I don't believe I have anything whatever."

"Any name on your suitcase?" he asked. "Clothes? Pyjamas?"

"I am afraid I am not accustomed to have them marked."

He could not resist his triumph. He had some reason. Where all the police of Great Britain had failed, he had succeeded.

"Make a habit of dressing-gown and pyjamas, don't you?" he said.

He stepped smartly outside my room and locked it.

The game was up. He was so sure of my identity that he was ready to risk being sacked by the hotel. Up to the present the world had been hypnotized by my stage properties. Here in the hotel I hadn't any. Worse still, ever since the newspaper reports of my arrest in Moreton Manor, Howard-Wolferstan had been associated with dressing-gown and pyjamas.

I looked out of the window. There was a sheer drop to the street. With no escape possible I had only one way to save something from the wreck; and that was to shave off my beard at once before a photograph of me could be taken. You can describe a man with a beard for as long as you like, but provided you use only words no one can be quite certain how he really appeared.

I jammed the bed against the door; and the dressing-table, lengthwise, between bed and far wall. Satisfied that the police who called for me would not be able to open the door more than a couple of inches, I set about the removal of my beard. It was a longish job, for I had only nail scissors. When most of the beard was in the basin and I had begun to lather my face, the police were at the door and quietly requesting Mr. Winthrop to open it.

They had no wish to make a noise in a respectable hotel and they talked to me reassuringly while I packed and dressed. My evening clothes, which might lead inquiries to Cornelia, and my new suit I rolled up in a tight ball and tied with string. I tried to land the bundle in the back of a passing truck and missed. Then a bus ran over it and a passing taxi driver picked it up. I never heard any more of it.

The police outside my door carried on with soothing conversation addressed to Mr. Winthrop, in which I began to detect a note of impatience. If their disgusting little colleague were right in

WHO'S WHO?

B D E H are the clues on page 36 which help to identify the man on the left as Sir John Gielgud, the actor and producer.

A C F G identify the man on the right as Richard Murdoch, the comedian and star of the radio series, "Much Binding."

"Can I help—light the candles or something?"

his identification, the notorious spy might be destroying his papers or committing suicide; and there was nothing they could do about either.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, "if you will now stop pushing for a moment, I will remove the furniture."

They came tumbling into the room, hotel manager, house detective, plain-clothes detective and two decent London constables trying to look stern. They found me in the old tweed coat and shabby trousers which had served Faiz Ullah so well.

"Claudio Howard-Wolferstan," I said, "and at your service."

• • •

EPILOGUE

By Sir Alexander Romilly, C.H., D.Sc., D.Litt., F.R.S.

When first I was shown Mr. Howard-Wolferstan's manuscript and approached with the suggestion that I should write an introduction to it, I rejected the proposal. But where a preface might suggest that I approve a work of execrable taste, an epilogue which confines itself to the mere confirmation of the truth of Mr. Howard-Wolferstan's narrative may reasonably be consided a duty to the establishment over which I and my colleagues have the honour to preside.

The interests of a certain former member of my staff appear to have been somewhat wider than I had any reason to suspect, and I will refrain from comment upon her reasons for resignation and her present choice of the Pacific coast of South America as a domicile.

Since, however, the integrity and competence of my establishment have been impugned by the fantastic allegations of the more irresponsible sections of the press to the effect that Mr. Howard-Wolferstan and this former member of my staff are secretly engaged on the construction of a primary reactor for the Andean Republics, I think it only proper to point out:

(*a*) That the lady in question is not a physicist.

(*b*) That her work was concerned solely with problems of metal fatigue and their solution.

(*c*) That, so far as Mr. Howard-Wolferstan is concerned, I am of the opinion that a degree of personal charm, of musical proficiency and of political irresponsibility do not provide an intellectual equipment sufficient to undertake nuclear fission.

The unexpected release of Mr. Howard-Wolferstan, after he had been held for three months in the Tower of London upon a charge of high treason, gave rise to much comment.

Had this document at that time seen the light, a clearer view of Mr. Howard-Wolferstan's motives would have been available.

As it was, Mr. Howard-Wolferstan being a prisoner on remand, the document was privileged. The essential facts, however, were freely admitted in the prisoner's statements to the police and to War Office interrogators. Both authorities could only advise the Crown that on a charge of high treason no jury would convict.

I SHOULD add, perhaps, that the sworn statement of the gentleman described in the narrative as "Harry Cole" is consistent with the records of Scotland Yard, but that, since there is no evidence apart from Mr. Howard-Wolferstan's manuscript that the proceeds of the Lockinge burglary were in fact recovered by him and his alleged accomplice, no further action can be taken at present.

If I may be permitted to finish upon a personal note, it is that I myself consider this earth upon which we are privileged to carry out our duties a most pleasurable dwelling place. Let that be my assurance to those who flatter my colleagues and myself by supposing that we are not only able to effect but are resigned to effecting that destruction which the infinite dangers of a hostile cosmos have, since the birth of the planet, been inadequate to accomplish.

THE END

"Fellow Passenger" has been abridged from the novel by Geoffrey Household which Michael Joseph will publish on February 21, at 12s. 6d.

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I changed her tears to smiles

"MUMMY! MUMMY!" cried my little girl, "I'm *so* unhappy!" I couldn't think what on earth had happened. She'd gone off to school that morning so full of excitement. You see, she was in the Junior Girls' Nursing Corps and they were having a dress rehearsal for the inspection, next day, by the Mayor.

The trouble came when the other girls teased her. You know how *unkind* children can be to each other. They chided her about her uniform blouse. Said it wasn't really 'hospital white', like a real nurse would wear!

I was *very* annoyed. The Nursing Corps had given her the blouse. But she'd been unlucky and got one that had been on the shelf for months. It had gone all dowdy grey. "Don't worry, pet," I said to my little girl. "Mummy will soon put *that* right. You'll be the envy of the school when I've finished with that blouse . . ."

CHEERED UP. It took some minutes to console the little mite. But she soon cheered up when I told her I knew Surf would get that blouse really white . . . really spotless. Following the directions on the packet, I put my little girl's blouse into some cold Surf suds. Then I brought them to the boil.

BRAND NEW, that's what the blouse looked like after *only ten minutes* in the boil. Surf had restored true whiteness to the blouse by removing all the stubborn *ingrained* grime as well as the surface dirt. After I'd ironed that blouse it really looked beautiful. "That'll show them," I thought to myself.

SHEER WONDER was in my little girl's face when she saw her blouse. Later the headmistress complimented her on her smartness. Even the Mayor told her how nice she looked. That made her the proudest girl on parade. She thinks her Mummy's wonderful. And *I* think Surf is—for getting whites clean, for boiling out stains . . . in fact, for washing *everything* spotless.

Surf boils spotless!

SUR 60-40

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

MURDER ON THE NIGHT FERRY

Continued from page 21

table. He picked up the receiver and barked into it angrily: "Boulanger here."

"I'm afraid you'll have to haul that well-fed hulk of yours out of bed."

He recognized the voice of Duval, night duty inspector at the Sûreté.

"What is it this time?"

"Have you heard of an Englishman named Sir Roger Stapelford?"

"I know the name. Why?"

"He was on the night ferry train from London last night. The steward went to call him a little after six and found him shot through the heart."

"Murder or suicide?"

"It's almost certainly suicide."

"Then, name of a dog, why must I be . . . ?"

Duval cut in crisply: "I'm ringing you on the personal order of the Prefect. Stapelford being a person of some consequence and you being so hot on the English language. . . ."

"Right," said Boulanger curtly. "You win."

"A car is on its way to collect you. The train will stop at Clermont to pick you up. That'll give you close on an hour before she reaches Paris and you can decide whether you want to hold any of the passengers."

When the night ferry paused momentarily at Clermont, only a few passengers breakfasting in the buffet car noticed the short, stout man who climbed heavily on board. Boulanger was greeted by the train detective and the *chef de train*. The wagon-lits steward unlocked the door of Stapelford's compartment and Boulanger stood on the threshold gazing carefully about him.

"Has anything been touched?" he asked at length.

The steward said: "I took his pulse to make sure he was dead, that's all."

BOULANGER still did not go in, but stood contemplating the scene: the closed window, the revolver lying a foot from the dead man's hand, the blood-soaked bedclothes.

"And the door was locked on the inside?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"Did no one hear a shot?"

The train detective edged forward: "I have asked the passengers in the adjoining compartments that, *Monsieur l'Inspecteur*. Neither heard anything, but of course with the noise of the train. . . ."

Boulanger nodded, took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, and went down on one knee. Carefully, he picked up the revolver. He opened the chamber and ejected the cartridges. He looked at the six shells lying in the palm of his hand, five live and one spent. He nodded sadly to himself and his eyes lifted to the three faces looking down at him.

He said: "This man was murdered."

The train detective withdrew shakily and lit a cigarette. After a moment the *chef de train* said wistfully: "I suppose we shall have to hold the passengers at the Gare du Nord."

Boulanger took the dead man's wrist, raised his arm and let it fall again. He inspected the bed carefully. "That will not be necessary," he said. "And now, I would like you to leave me to myself."

Alone with Sir Roger, Boulanger opened the small suitcase he had brought with him, took the fingerprints of the dead man, then tested the revolver for prints. He stared for some moments at the identical imprints which he had obtained. His eye moved to the shiny leather brief-case lying directly under the window. He ran his finger across the leather and contemplated the faint smear of black soot which it had collected.

Outside in the corridor the train detective was still nervously smoking. Boulanger asked to be directed to the radio telephone, and was shortly talking to Duval.

"Speed is going to count in this case," he said. "I'd like you to have the helicopter standing by. I shall want to go to Dunkirk and maybe on to London. You'd better notify Scotland Yard about this, and warn them we'll be asking for information."

Boulanger did not wait at the Gare du Nord for the murder squad to examine Stapelford's compartment and its contents. He stayed only long enough to warn the fingerprint man and the analyst to check the outside as well as the inside of the train. Then he took a taxi to the Sûreté to make his preliminary report.

Before ten o'clock he was in the air, with the Eiffel Tower at his elbow and the Seine glittering below him in the morning sun.

It was a little after eleven thirty when his helicopter deposited him gently on the quay on to which the cars from the night ferry had been driven. The harbour master, who had been warned by telephone from Paris, was waiting there to receive him with a small posse of minor officials.

"I'm not going to trouble you for very long," Boulanger remarked. "I shall want a copy of the passenger list and a list of cars in the order in which they were passed off the ship. While that's being prepared I'll take a look at the train deck of the night ferry."

He spent a good twenty minutes down in the ship. When he emerged the sunlight made him blink.

A sailor, swilling out the covered deck where the cars had been stored for the sea crossing, was startled when he saw a pink and almost hairless head appearing at the top of one of the companionways. Boulanger hastily put on his black Homburg and approached the gaping seaman.

"You were not, by chance, on duty when the carriages were discharged this morning?" he asked, after introducing himself.

"Yes, sir, I was. It's my job. . . ." He was a cockney, and he regarded the Frenchman with suspicion.

"Did any passenger seem unduly anxious to be away quickly?"

THE sailor's eyes narrowed. "There was one chap in a bit of a hurry. Offered me a pound note if I could get him first off the boat. . . ."

"Which you didn't accept, of course," Boulanger put in quickly. "Can you describe this man?"

The sailor described the passenger, and the car, and Boulanger made a few quick notes before leaving the seaman to finish his mopping in peace.

He picked up the lists for which he had asked and had his own passport stamped by the emigration people. The little crowd which collected to watch him take off saw his helicopter swing out over the Channel and head towards the cliffs of Dover.

* * *

Superintendent Wigan, returning after lunch to his room on the fourth floor of New Scotland Yard, stopped dead on the threshold when he saw the figure who occupied the seat behind his desk.

"Well, look what the tide's thrown up!" he remarked. "How did you get here so fast?"

Boulanger grinned without getting up. He and Wigan had first met at a conference of European Police representatives and knew each other well.

"I flew," he said smugly, "by helicopter."

Wigan glanced at the open file in front of Boulanger, sat down on the edge of his desk and lit a cigarette. "I see you've been helping yourself. That's all the dope we've been able to collect since your message came through. Not much to it, I'm afraid. You're sure it's murder?"

Boulanger nodded. Wigan said: "I'm not altogether surprised. A good many people have threatened Sir Roger's life. We warned him again and again he ought to take care, but he wouldn't listen."

Boulanger rummaged in his pocket and produced his two lists. "I would be well content if you were able to check these for me and make me know if there is here anyone who could have a motive for murdering Sir Roger Stapelford."

WIGAN took the lists and ran his eye down them casually. "I'll have to get these checked with our records. By the way," he added, "rather a funny thing came up this morning. Just a coincidence, I dare say, but Stapelford's flat was broken into last night."

Boulanger had become very still and tense. Wigan was surprised at the sudden sharpening of his eyes.

"I think it is not a coincidence. Have you any clues to the criminal responsible?"

Wigan said: "I've only just heard about this. Stimson is working on the case. I'll give him a buzz and see if he has any news." He picked up the telephone, and in a few minutes a fair young man who towered over the tubby Frenchman was shaking him by the hand.

"Have you any line to go on yet?" Wigan asked.

"Yes," Stimson said. "We know who did it all right."

"That is quick work."

"It was simple really." He looked down at Boulanger, who had reoccupied Wigan's desk and was polishing the top of his head with a handkerchief. "I don't know if you have the same system of selective card indexing as we have. In this case the thief's behaviour pattern conformed to that of a criminal on our records."

Boulanger nodded.

"This man used gloves as he always does," Stimson went on. "But he slipped up in one respect. He forgot there was an opening just above the button and he left a small section of his palm imprint on the window frame. He must have been surprised at his work. He didn't get away with much."

"Will your courts accept such an imprint as positive identification?"

"Oh, yes," Stimson answered confidently. "That'll be quite enough to convict him when we can lay hands on him."

Boulanger had closed the file on Stapelford and pushed it away from him. "And may I know the identity of this criminal?"

"No harm in that." Stimson spoke with an eye on the superintendent. "He's a man called Carter. . . ."

"Carter?" Wigan stopped with his cigarette half way to his lips.

Stimson nodded. "I see you remember. That's the fellow Stapelford prosecuted for murder in 1936. He was released only last month. I've just put out a general call for him."

Boulanger shook his head and put

It's The Custom . . . *in ST. IVES*

The mayor hurls the ball. Whoever holds it at noon will win a prize

Cornishmen scuffle on Feast Monday

ON Feast Monday, 1953, young Daniel Rowe, of St. Ives, in Cornwall, won the town's annual Hurling The Silver Ball contest. As he ran to the Guildhall to collect his prize, two men grabbed him and tried to wrest the ball away. This was against the spirit of the contest, and a bystander intervened. Daniel reached the Guildhall safely and collected his five-shilling prize from the mayor, Marion Trewhella Pearce.

"When I was a boy," says Daniel's father, Thomas Rowe, a weatherbeaten Cornishman of fifty-eight, "the Hurling was really rough. I'll never forget the beautiful black eye I got when I was eighteen."

Feast Monday in St. Ives is the day following Feast Sunday—the nearest Sunday to February 3—which commemorates St. Ia's arrival in Cornwall. There is an old legend that St. Ia—from whom the town of St. Ives gets its name—made the journey from Ireland on a leaf.

The Hurling has been carried out on Feast Monday for hundreds of years. It began as a rough ball game which the fishermen of St. Ives used to play on the beach against the fishermen of nearby Uny Lelant.

Nowadays, the Mayor of St. Ives appears on the wall of the fifteenth-century church of St. Ia at about half past ten in the morning and makes a short speech which ends with the Cornish expression, *Gwary tek yu gwary whek* (Fair play is good play). Then the ball is thrown to the crowd waiting on the harbour sands below.

There is a scuffle, and for an hour and a half the silver ball is passed from hand to hand and carried through the streets. Whoever is holding it at twelve o'clock is the winner, and with it he makes a dash for the Guildhall and his prize.

The ball, which is rather smaller than a tennis ball, is made of cork covered with a skin of genuine silver, ridged round the circumference. Its surface is pitted and gnarled.

In 1952 the ball was lost when an enthusiastic player caught it and hurled it into the sea. It was found among the rocks when the tide ebbed in the afternoon. Meanwhile, the game had been played as usual—with a tennis ball wrapped in silver paper.

his hands on the desk to push himself up.

"It is a waste of time. Your Mr. Carter is not in this country any more. But if you will give me a description of him I think I can find him before very long. Only I am afraid he will not be available to answer the charge of burglary."

Boulanger's success as an investigator was based not so much on patient detail work as on an almost womanly intuition. He knew from experience that when he had a strong hunch he was right nine times out of ten. In this instance he was putting all his money on the occupant of the first car off the night ferry that morning.

Before his helicopter had crossed the coast of England on its way back to Paris, every police station in France had been told to look out for a black saloon, registration number YKP425.

Boulanger was looking down at the Cathedral of Rouen, drifting past in the distance, when the Sûreté came through on the radio telephone. The car had been seen in the south, travelling towards Marseilles.

"Keep it under observation," Boulanger said, "and signal me if he stops. I'm going after him."

CARTER drove for fourteen hours with a stop of only forty minutes. By that time he had covered six hundred miles and was beginning to see things on the road that weren't there. He pulled into a luxurious hotel just off the Route Nationale.

He bathed, dined and took himself into the bar for a whisky before going to bed. The whole scheme had gone off exactly as planned and here he was, full of good wine and food, a good six hundred miles from the scene of his crime. Even if murder was suspected, he told himself with satisfaction, there was no way of pinning it on him.

• • •

Boulanger, his bulk overflowing the small stool on which he was perched at the other end of the bar, looked more like the local butcher than a police investigator who had just flown eight hundred miles. The precise police description, linked with the blurred sketch the deck foreman on the night ferry had given him, left him in little doubt that the man he was watching was his quarry. He slid off his stool, worked his way carefully round till he was behind the Englishman. Two larger men moved unobtrusively up beside him.

"Hallo, Carter," Boulanger said pleasantly.

The man in front started in surprise and whipped round on his stool; then controlled himself quickly. "You're making a mistake. My name is Foster."

"It is you who have made the mistake, Mr. Carter. I am arresting you for the murder of Sir Roger Stapelford on the night ferry this morning."

During the long trip back to Paris by police car, Carter continued to protest his innocence and disclaim all knowledge of the murder.

"Suppose I am Carter, after all," he said angrily. "That doesn't prove I killed anyone, does it?"

Boulanger, who badly wanted to go to sleep, decided to administer the *coup de grâce*.

"Your gloves," he said.

"What about my gloves?"

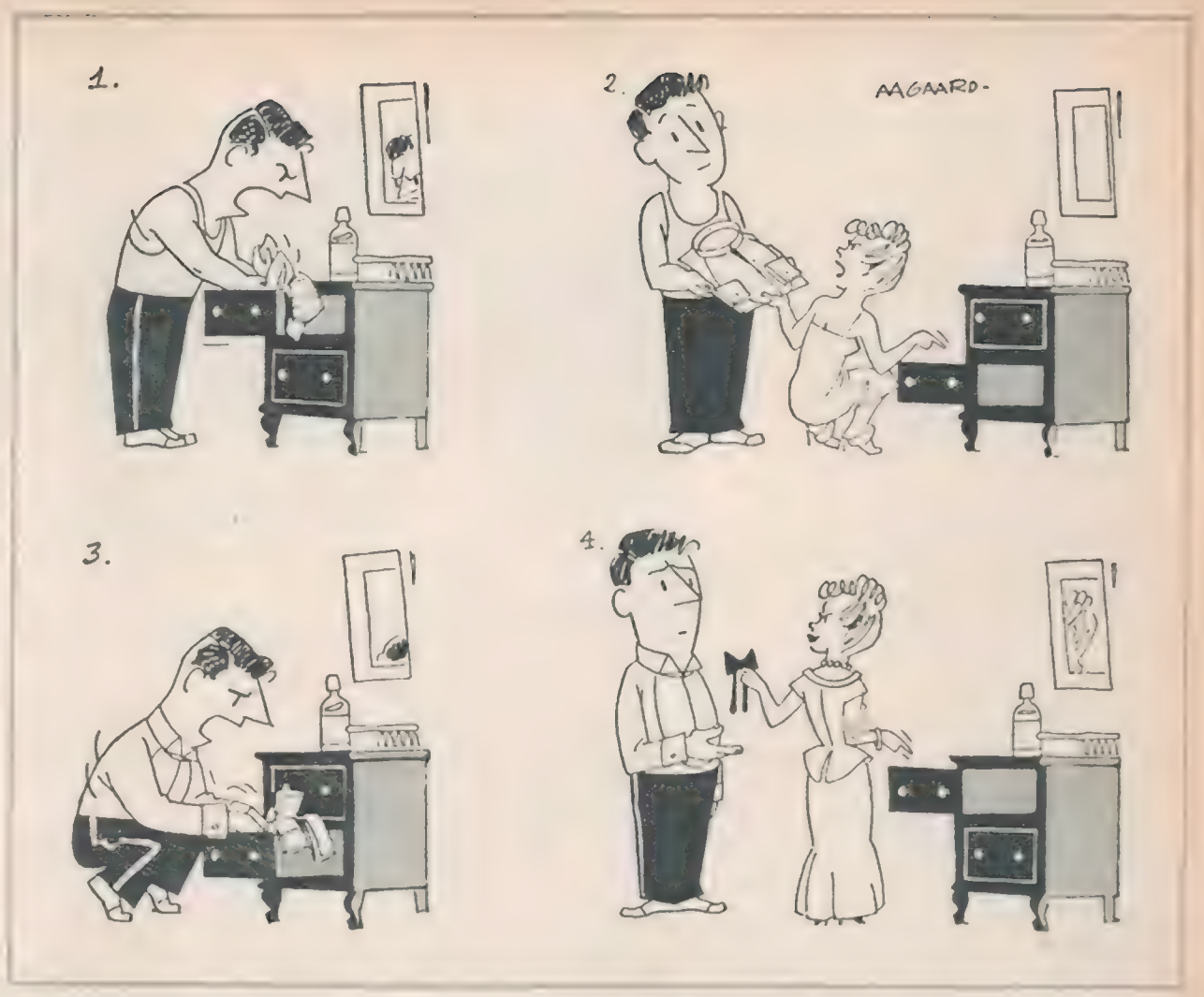
"When you put them on you noticed perhaps a small opening where you button them? You left a print on the window of Stapelford's flat when you broke into it last night. Chemical analysis will also show that they bear dust deposits from the window of the murdered man's compartment."

Carter was silent for some considerable time after this. Then he said, more humbly than before:

"What put you on to the idea it was murder, anyway?"

"That was not difficult," Boulanger answered sleepily. "Your victim did not approve of firearms. His revolver was only intended to scare off an intruder. It was loaded with blanks. . . ."

Tried on a charge of murder for the second time in his life, Reginald Hamilton Carter pleaded guilty. THE END



THE OBSTINATE WIDOW

Continued from page 13

among the boys. He came to me after a while. "Drink up, Jimmy," he said. "You and me are going up to your place."

"You mean back to the homestead?" I said. I didn't understand.

"That's right."

Joe opened his big hand, and there was a sizeable wad of money in it.

"Here, take this," he said. "Stuff it in your pocket."

"But—what's it for?" I was standing there holding the money like a fool.

"It's for you and your ma," Joe said. "And I reckon you've earned it, the way you've helped us out today."

I felt my face burning hot, and when I tried to speak there was something wrong with my voice.

"Here," I said. "We don't want it. You take it back. We don't need charity."

"Take it, Jimmy," Plug said. "If it hadn't been for you coming along we'd have been whistlin' for our bonus money."

"I tell you I don't want it," I said. "You take it."

I thrust it at Plug. But Plug only grinned and said: "Me? Me and money don't mix, son," and took off into the darkness.

JOE put a hand on my shoulder. "Be sensible now, Jimmy," he said. "The boys have collected it among 'em. Twenty apiece, and they can spare it all right, seeing what you've saved them. There's a hundred and forty dollars in that wad—enough to buy winter food for your horses. I reckon that was why you were taking the cow and the calf in."

Suddenly there were tears in my eyes, and I had to wipe my sleeve quick across them. It was no way for a person of my age to be, and I felt downright ashamed of myself. And madder than ever at Joe.

"Ma won't take it," I told him. "She doesn't want money that way, either."

Joe stood over me. In the dancing firelight he looked every bit of ten feet tall.

"You're every bit as stubborn as your ma, aren't you?" he said softly, and there was that grin around his mouth again. "I sort of guessed you'd cut up this way. That's why I'm going up to the homestead with you. We're all going—you, me, the bull calf and the cow, the whole caboodle of us."

He glanced over his shoulder. "Plug," he said, "you can take the herd on to Williams Lake and shove it in the corrals. I'll be along later—tomorrow morning, probably." He moved away from the fire towards the horses. "Let's get started, Jimmy—and don't you dare mislay that money you got."

We got home a little before midnight. There was a light in the living-room, and I guessed Ma was sitting up mending or something because she couldn't sleep with that knee of hers. Or maybe she was just sitting there worrying.

Teddie and Clorenda bawled their gladness at being home again, bringing Ma to the door. I could see the slender shape of her against the light behind.

"Unsaddle the horses, son," Joe said. "And feed the cow and calf. They'll be tired."

He went on towards the cabin. I sat pat on Girlie and watched him. There wasn't all that hurry about Clorenda and Teddie and the horses.

Ma called out, asking who it was. Joe didn't answer, but just kept on walking.

When he came in the light from the door, I heard Ma gasp: "It's you, Joe!"

"Yes, Mary, it's me," Joe said, and there was nothing sharp in his voice at all.

"But—what are you doing here?" Ma asked. Then her voice was suddenly anxious. "Where's Jimmy? Something's happened to him, hasn't it?"

"Something's happened all right," Joe said, "but Jimmy's fine. Don't get in an uproar, Mary. I've brought 'em back, Jimmy and all."

"Brought who back?" Ma said. "Joe Spiller—have you gone plain mad?"

"Clorenda and Teddie, I mean," Joe said. "And a fair old job I had to do it, I can tell you. That boy of yours is as stubborn-set as you are."

"Joe Spiller," Ma said, "you leave that boy of mine alone! And you can just leave me alone, too, d'you hear?"

Joe only laughed. "Young Jimmy taught me something today," he said. "Stubborn as they come, that kid is, like his ma. He taught me that with stubborn people you've just got to be more stubborn."

I saw Joe's big frame move into the doorway, blocking out Ma completely. I heard her gasp, and I piled down off Girlie and legged it for the cabin as hard as I could go. I started battering Joe with my fists.

"You're not going to hurt her, d'you hear?" I hollered.

THEN, suddenly, there was only me fighting and making a noise. Ma was standing very quiet, and Joe was grinning as he tried to grab my wrists. Even Clorenda and Teddie had stopped their bawling.

I couldn't stop. I was all worked up inside.

"Ma," I yelled, "they gave us a hundred and forty dollars and I told 'em it was charity and we didn't need it and that you would be real mad when you got to know. Ma, it's true! Honest it is——"

My voice left the words there and a big silence hung around us. Then Ma's voice came, all muffled. "It's late, son," she said. "You'd better run along to bed. I'll bring you a hot drink."

I looked at her, and I knew she was going to give in and take the money. I stood there a moment longer, and then I ran lickety-spit out to the corral, my heart fit to burst inside me. I started forking hay out to Clorenda and Teddie, working like mad. "Women!" I yelled at Teddie. I'd thought Ma was more obstinate than that.

Then it came to me after a while that maybe now she'd make up whatever quarrel she had with Joe.

I stopped forking. Clorenda and Teddie were munching steadily. It was a nice familiar sound; and I wouldn't be missing it now.

I threw the fork down and began walking back towards the house. It would be nice to see more of Joe around. It had been lonely up here since Dad died. THE END

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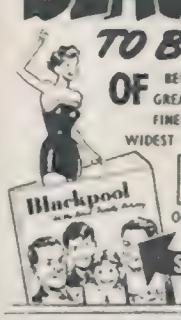

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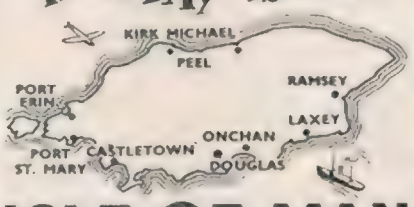

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Continued from page 11

go into the plantations, pull up the sisal and eat it. Cowie and his men have tried every practical means of stopping them: ditches, electric fencing, constant patrolling, fires, Very lights and thunder flashes. The elephants used to plunder the sisal in daylight; now, to avoid the opposition, they eat at night.

Not long ago, Cowie went to the sisal plantations and kept guard through the night. When the elephants appeared, he picked out the leader with a torch and shot him. The others stampeded. But Cowie had not cured them. The elephants soon got hungry again and back they came. Cowie still has to find a permanent solution.

Just outside the Nairobi National Park some time ago, a crocodile seized a small native child as he herded some goats. The crocodile dragged him towards a pool, but the boy's companions heard his cries and freed him.

For the next six months, Cowie, having decided not to allow the crocodile to live outside the park, tried countless times to shoot it. Every time he went near the pool, some animal would make a noise and frighten the crocodile away. At last, Cowie sneaked up to the edge of the pool, lay there for several hours during the heat of the day, and shot the crocodile when it came out to sun itself.

Cowie will not dispose of an animal without making certain that it has no hope of survival. A black-maned lion in the Nairobi National Park fell lame and became known as Old Peg Leg. Cowie watched the lion carefully for several months and, with his staff, tried in vain to capture it and tend the wound.

Gradually the old lion got weaker. The lioness which had looked after it and brought its food deserted it. Cowie told one of his men to put the lion down. The gammy leg proved to be full of shot from a shotgun: it had splintered and infected the bone. Cowie knew he had done the right thing.

Butchers Drew Hyenas

Only once has he found it necessary to interfere with the balance of nature. Soon after the war, the owners of a butchery just outside Nairobi unwittingly attracted the attention of a pack of hyenas by throwing offal into the open bush. The hyenas thrived and bred rapidly.

The butchery closed down. The hyenas soon grew ravenous and, most unusually, began hunting in packs. They attacked native women working in the fields, tearing one to pieces.

Cowie and the game wardens, satisfied that the hyenas had been attracted there artificially, agreed on an artificial remedy.

In the mornings they tracked down the packs as they fed on carrion, took up positions on different flanks, and shot the hyenas, ten to twenty at a sitting. When they had disposed of about three hundred, the two men felt that they had restored the balance of nature. Significantly, they shot the hyenas with comparatively quiet .22 rifles: they did not want to disturb the other animals.

Bush fires in the parks do not normally perturb Cowie. He reckons that man has caused fires, accidentally and otherwise, for thousands of years now, and that the animals have learned to cope with the phenomenon and to enjoy the succulent new greenery which grows after the flames have passed.

Faced Crouching Lioness

Once, Cowie himself decided to fire a strip of grassland to give better vision along a road: several times he had driven accidentally into hyenas and other animals as they jumped out of the tall grass. Parking his motorcycle, Cowie started the fire, then heard a nasty snarl. Seven yards from him a lioness crouched, her teeth bared, tail lashing, muscles rippling and her claws digging into the ground ready to spring.

Cowie, unarmed, froze in fear. He remembered that the best thing was to do nothing. The fire went out. For the few seconds which seem timeless when man courts death, Cowie stood motionless. The lioness gradually calmed down. She studied Cowie impassively, then straightened up and walked away.

Ever since, Cowie has been convinced that, without some previous provocation, a wild animal will not attack a man who hides his fear. He agrees that the theory is not easily proved: the failures don't live to tell the tale.

Whether provoked or not, belligerent animals have actually attacked Cowie and his staff on several occasions. On early morning patrol, one ranger narrowly escaped from a lioness which seized his bicycle and smashed the back wheel. Another lioness leaped on a ranger's back as he cycled along, and tore off his canvas cape. While the animal ripped up the cape, the ranger quickly pedalled away.

One evening, as Cowie himself returned home, a lion and lioness with three cubs attacked his car. The lion chased it for two hundred yards and leaped on the roof. Cowie, thankful that he had not taken out an open utility vehicle, shook off the lion and later found skin and hair on the rear bumper.

The attitude of many park visitors to dangerous animals gives Cowie constant cause for worry. Because the

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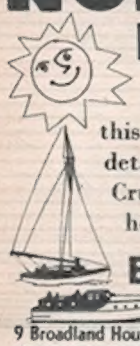

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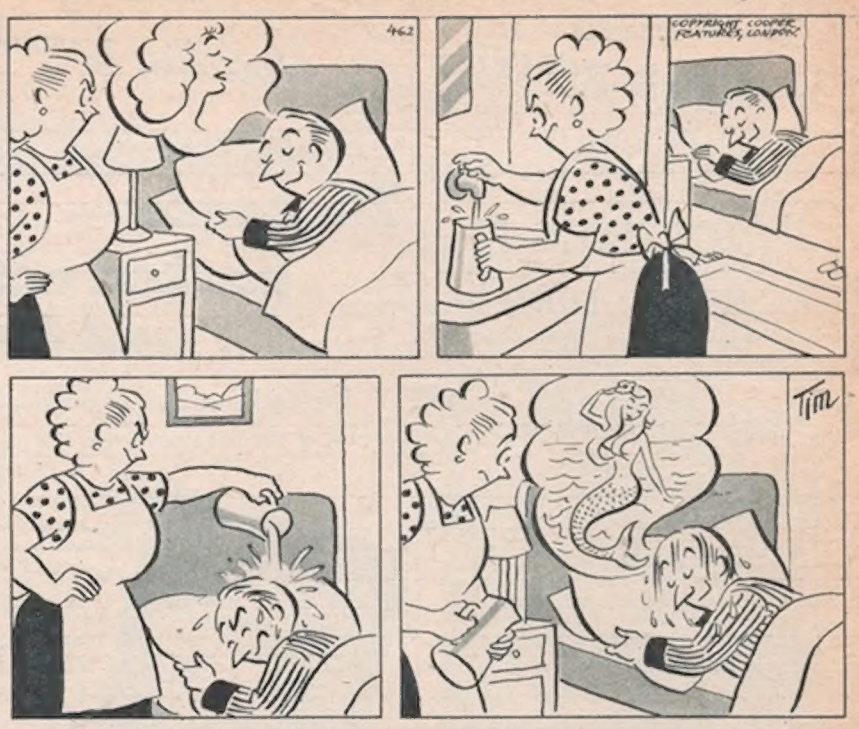

animals live in national parks, these people imagine that they are tame. The lions in Nairobi National Park do, in fact, give an impression of tameness: they have come to accept the streams of cars and they sniff around them and put their feet on the bonnets.

Once, one visitor, ignoring regulations, got out of his car to photograph some lions partially hidden from his view by a car in front. As he focused his camera, a lioness came out of the grass at the side of the road. The other visitors shouted a warning.

Crocodile Seized Boy

Fortunately, a park warden had watched the man and, as a precaution, had set his truck engine running. Now he jammed the truck into gear and drove between the man and the lioness. The man scrambled hastily into the nearest car.

In the eight years since he opened the first park, Cowie has had to report only one fatality among the visitors. In the shallow top pool at Mzima Springs, a small European boy went paddling: a crocodile got him.

Last year, 90,000 people paid for admission to the Nairobi Park alone. The parks are open only during daylight and in the dry months of the year; all visitors have to travel in closed vehicles. For their benefit, Cowie's men have built and maintain hundreds of miles of roads in the parks. They provide a breakdown service for the humans and replenish salt licks for the animals. They have built safari lodges where visitors can stay, and dams where animals can always find water.

These and many more activities involved the national parks trustees in an expenditure in 1953 of a little over £85,000. Cowie, who does the spending for them, lives with his wife and children near Nairobi National Park in a home made partially of grass and mud, in the style of the old Kenya pioneer houses.

With the animals now safe from civilization's demands, poaching remains Cowie's biggest day-to-day problem. Tribesmen have killed animals for meat, tribal trophies, ivory and skins, for hundreds of years. They cannot really understand the new restriction.

Furthermore, ivory poachers get attractive terms from the agents who smuggle the ivory across the Indian Ocean. Apart from paying the poachers highly, the agents offer them double wages during any jail sentence they might receive.

The poachers mostly operate in small bands. Each man carries a quiver of poisoned arrows, a bow, a knife and little else. He knows everything about the country and the habits of the animals. When he puts an arrow into an elephant or rhinoceros, he sits back and waits for hours, sometimes even days, until a spiral of vultures forms in the sky. Beneath the spiral he knows that he will find the carcass.

Artful and ruthless, the poacher ties grass to his feet to hide his footprints. He sets poisoned arrowheads in a block of wood and hides the trap on a path used by elephants.

Once, some of Cowie's men chased a poacher towards a river. The warden and rangers crossed the river, but could not see the poacher's tracks. When they returned to the other bank, they found the explanation. The poacher had dived into the river and stayed submerged. The hollow reed through which he had breathed now lay on the bank.

Cowie realizes that to stop the poaching, he has to trap the middlemen. Once, a ranger heard that a trading store dealt in illegal ivory. A warden sent some rangers disguised as poachers to the store to offer the trader several tusks. The trader agreed to meet the rangers at night at a rendezvous in the bush. There he would pick up the ivory. The warden arranged an ambush; but the men waited all night in vain. By "bush telegraph," the trader heard all about the trap beforehand.

The climax of Mervyn Cowie's crusade for the wild life of Kenya arrived for him in 1952, when the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Nairobi and Aberdare National Parks.

On the day of the visit to the Nairobi Park, Cowie brought in staff from other parts to help to locate the lions, so that he could take the Royal couple to see them. Princess Elizabeth had been disappointed on the South African tour in 1947 because she had not seen a lion.

Tied Carcass To Tree

By ten o'clock in the morning, Cowie had received no reports of lions. Then a warden saw four devouring a carcass in a rocky, inaccessible gorge. Cowie sent his men on foot to frighten the lions away from the carcass temporarily and to drag it out of the gorge and tie it to a tree. Later, when he drove the Princess and Duke into the park, one lion stood still over the kill. The delighted Princess filmed the animal and later took shots of a lioness and her cubs coming out of a forest.

Later, in the Aberdare Park, Cowie patrolled the path along which the Royal party walked to visit Treetops, the hotel in a tree which overlooked an animal waterhole. Immediately before the arrival of the party, he met an elephant standing next to the path. He could not fire a shot to frighten the elephant away, lest it stampeded in the wrong direction. Finally he picked up a small stone, rubbed it in his hands and threw it past the elephant.

The elephant picked up the scent and trundled off into the bush to investigate. A few minutes later, the Royal party came down the path. THE END

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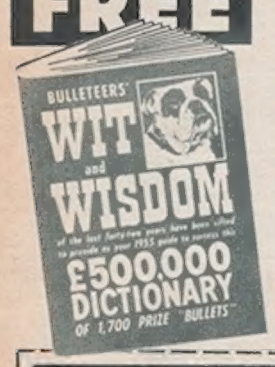

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 26, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,974 result.)

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